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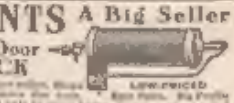

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Back from France comes a celebrated war correspondent. "The scorn and contempt in which Americans are held is almost unbelievable," he reports. On the same boat a noted financier returned from London. "The English are disappointed in Americans," he says; "they despise us as a race of money-getters, devoid of ideals." German papers day after day heap abuse and ridicule upon America and the "Yankees."

"In only one country are Americans popular," said a friend recently; "that is Belgium." What does this mean? Has the whole world turned against us? Will Americans be ashamed to travel in Europe after the war? What have we done? What should we do? The subject is a big one, but the author of this article, a veteran diplomat of standing, presents some facts that ought to make every American stop, look, and listen.

Are We Hated?

By a VETERAN DIPLOMAT

ARE Americans popular abroad?

That is a question frequently addressed to foreigners in the United States, and one that embarrasses them greatly. For it is difficult to reply truthfully to the inquiry when it is made either by a kindly host or, as is very often the case, by some charming American woman. How is it possible to be so utterly graceless as to inform the latter that her native land is quite the reverse of popular beyond its borders?

But, in the last two or three months, her own countrymen have undertaken to furnish a reply to this question with a far greater amount of brutal frankness and freedom than would be seemly on the part of those enjoying the hospitality of the United States. George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, when he returned the other day to New York after a sojourn of several weeks abroad, lost no time in proclaiming far and wide, with much vigor of expression, that the United States is not regarded with favor by any foreign nation. Richard Harding Davis, the well known playwright and author, has sent a number of letters from Paris, in which he writes feelingly about the unpopularity of Americans in France; while the ridiculousness of the attacks upon this country by the press of Germany and of Austria, and the revelations contained in the communications printed in American newspapers from their correspondents at Berlin and Vienna, leave no doubt as to the positive aversion with which everybody and everything relating to the United States is regarded by the lieges of the two kaisers.

In fact, it is no exaggeration to assert that public opinion is violently inflamed against this country in Austria and especially in Germany, where it is held that the Monroe Doctrine is one of the chief causes of the present war, which could have been avoided had she been permitted to carry out her project of creating a colonial empire in South America.

Why We Were Unpopular Before the War

BEFORE undertaking to resent this condition of affairs, or to denounce the lack of appreciation of all that has been done for the relief of the victims of the present war by Americans, the latter would do well to pause for a moment, and to consider the causes that have brought about this prejudice everywhere abroad against the United States—a prejudice which is most intense in Germany and least apparent in Great Britain. It is a prejudice born of ignorance, and due also to other reasons that existed before the war.

Dealing in the first place with the unpopularity that existed prior to the war, some of its causes are to the credit rather than to the disadvantage of the American character. Among them are the freshness and vigor of the American mind, the restless activity of the American intellect, and above all the independence that Americans enjoy from that thraldom of tradition and convention which subjects people of the Old World to a tyranny in many respects extremely despotic.

Not that Europeans object to this tyranny. On the contrary, they like it. Born and bred under its sway, it has become part and parcel of their very existence; and European society, being essentially conservative, resents any attempt to remove its fetters. Society on the yonder side of the ocean is based upon the system of aristocracy, and is constituted, in the main, of classes enjoying privileges not accorded to the masses.

Jealousy of the American Girl

WHAT wonder, then, that its members should regard with a not altogether friendly eye a people who have done in the past, and are still doing, all that is possible to deprive them of their cherished privileges? It was the importation of American ideas by Franklin, Lafayette, and others, that brought about the great Revolution in France, and that struck the first big blow at the rights and prerogatives of the aristocracy—a blow from the effect of which it has never recovered. And, since then, every succeeding year has witnessed the arrival from the New World of a fresh consignment of American doctrines calculated to render the masses more dissatisfied with their lot, and more anxious to deprive the classes of their special privileges.

If, however, the American, in the hope of ingratiating himself with the people of Europe, abandons those typical American characteristics which Europeans are forced to respect and admire, though they do not love, he generally succeeds in earning for himself a contempt akin to that which all men are accustomed to feel for renegades. To put the matter briefly, before the war Americans were not liked, but they were respected and admired abroad. Europeans, however, not only disliked, but also despised, those Americans who, with social aims in view, affected to regret their own nationality and appeared ashamed of their American birthright.

Still another cause, and an important one too, for the unpopularity of Americans in Europe, is the jealousy with which the women of the Old World regard their American sisters. There is a freshness, a sparkle, and above all a breadth, in the conversation of an American girl which that of the English maiden does not possess, and which the Continental young woman does not venture to display, at any rate prior to her marriage. This leads European men to find the conversation of their young unmarried countrywomen somewhat slow and colorless, when compared with the piquant and, to the untravelled European, original remarks of the transatlantic belle.

The consequence is that European matrons regard the American girl as a serious danger to the matrimonial market. For, even when she does not swoop down and collar the most eligible prizes, her brilliancy has the effect of rendering European men more difficult and more exacting, and less contented with the domestic article in the matrimonial line. Now, the European matron is, if anything, a more important and influential personage in her family than the American mother, in whose circle a far greater individual independence prevails. The consequence is that the ill will entertained by the former for the American girls has constituted a powerful factor against the popularity of Americans.

What Europeans Don't Know About Us

ANOTHER great cause of the unpopularity of Americans abroad is the gross and almost incredible ignorance prevailing there with regard to almost everything connected with the New World. It was not long ago that I received a letter from a man who had just taken high honors at Oxford, which bore the address "Philadelphia, Massachusetts." Imagine the ridicule that an American letter addressed to "Manchester, County of Sussex," would excite in England!

A few years ago one of the most famous English historians, who had come over to deliver a course of lectures at Boston and other New England cities, was extremely surprised and disappointed to discover on his arrival that he would be unable to execute his project of running down from Boston to West Virginia every Saturday afternoon, for the sake of spending Sunday with one of his married daughters who lived there! Until he arrived in this country he fondly imagined that West Virginia was about two hours' ride by rail from Boston.

Question Asked at an English Dinner-Party

NOW shall I ever forget the cold shiver that passed down my back when, at a dinner given in London shortly after President Garfield's assassination, one of the most popular and best known leaders of London society inquired in all innocence, of an American General who was present, whether poor Mrs. Garfield, of whom a portrait had just appeared in the English illustrated papers, was not a negress? The question was put during one of those sudden and peculiar pauses of conversation that are not altogether infrequent at dinner-parties, and that are popularly said to result from one of the persons present having inadvertently crossed his or her feet under the table. Then I heard the gallant General, who retained his equanimity in a marvelous manner, explain with gentle and winning courtesy to Lady C. that, notwithstanding the crinkly hair, high cheek-bones, and thick lips with which the London illustrated papers had endowed the features of Mrs. Garfield, the murdered President's widow was not a negress, and that up to that time no "person of color" had ever yet held sway as first lady of the land.

These are but three trifling yet instructive illustrations of the dense ignorance that prevailed not so long ago, even among the most highly educated Europeans concerning America—and ignorance is invariably allied to prejudice. To such an extent does the latter exist abroad that people, not content with knowing little or nothing about the United States, have always seemed disinclined to learn.

Up to the beginning of the war, most of the metropolitan daily papers of Europe either refrained from printing any news from the United States, save that contained in the brief dispatches of the news agencies, or else contented them-

selves with what may be described as "freak news"; that is to say, cables and letters portraying exaggerations of conduct, of manner, of speech, lynchings, sensational crimes, etc., all calculated to create an entirely wrong impression of the people, life, and conditions in the United States.

The American Tourist

IT has always been to me a source of regret that it is impossible to transport some typical provincial town of America to the center of Europe, for the purpose of enabling the people there to become acquainted with, and to natural consequence to appreciate, the finest and most sterling side of American life and character. As it is now, most of the knowledge that Europeans possess of America and Americans is limited to the result of their observation of the American tourist and of the expatriated American. Both the one and the other are the most unfortunate types of this great nation that it is possible to conceive.

With a few exceptions, they constitute a class unlike anything that I have ever seen in the United States, and their frequently objectionable characteristics, which Europeans are accustomed to ascribe to the entire nation, are responsible for much of the prejudice that has existed abroad against Americans. Their main fault is a deplorable lack of tact. They err either on the side of too aggressive patriotism—ramming the superiority of everything in America, from its political institutions to its cookery, down the throats of each European whom they encounter—or else they are guilty of the still more reprehensible fault of sneering at everything American, of deprecating their American nationality, and of seeking to imitate the manners, the foibles, and even the vices of the Old World, in order to assimilate themselves therewith.

With but few exceptions, they fail to hit upon that happy medium, half way between too aggressive Americanism and too obsequious lack of Americanism—a happy medium which, when discovered, renders a citizen of the United States the most delightful and genial companion that it is possible to conceive to a traveled and well bred Englishman.

Of course, it is unfair for Europeans to judge Americans, as a people, by the vulgar rich, who, alas, constitute the most obtrusive class of American tourists and foreign residents. But it is only natural. The well bred American man and woman pass by unobserved. *Gentilhommes* and *femmes du monde*—there are no English words that convey the exact meaning of these two expressions—are the same all the world over, no matter whether American or European, and their main characteristics are so similar that there is little to distinguish them from one another. It is, therefore, not the well bred but the ill bred Americans who become conspicuous, and who attract both attention and comment of a disagreeable nature.

Colossal fortunes exist in Europe as well as in the United States. But whereas the American enjoying an annual income of, say, a million to three million dollars has the entire amount free to spend as he wishes, an Englishman, a German, an Austrian, a Hungarian, or a Russian, possessed of revenues of a similar amount, has at his disposal only a very small fraction thereof, perhaps not more than ten or even five per cent. All the remainder is absorbed by yearly charges which are in the nature of moral rather than legal obligations.

How Royalty Treats Rich Americans

EUROPEAN royalty has also contributed its share to the creation of prejudice against Americans, by conceding to them all sorts of favors and privileges withheld from their own countrymen. Emperor William, for instance, in times prior to the war, was in the habit of according to Americans, such as the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Armours, etc., a degree of freedom in their intercourse with him that he would never have dreamed of tolerating on the part of the oldest and most intimate of his German or Austrian friends and cronies. This was bitterly resented by the Teuton bourgeoisie, who are virtually barred from court, and who could not understand why Americans of their own class should enjoy imperial and royal favors denied to them, while even the great nobles complained that the value of their hereditary privileges was impaired by the courtesies lavished by the Kaiser upon his visitors from the New World.

Despite the severity of the censorship of the press in Germany at present, the newspapers there never lose an opportunity of calling public attention to the "sorry return" made since the beginning of the war by the Americans for all the favors with which they had been overwhelmed by Emperor William.

International Marriages

NOR can the numerous matrimonial alliances that have taken place in the last thirty or forty years between American women and foreigners of birth and rank be said to have accomplished anything toward increasing the popularity of this country on yonder side of the Atlantic. Quite the contrary is the case. For, with very rare exceptions, nearly all of these so-called international marriages have turned out unhappily, alike for the husband and for the wife, and in many cases have wound up in sensational divorce suits and in scandal. Both are to blame. The first object that the foreign husband seems to have in view, as soon as ever the marriage has been celebrated, is to alienate his American bride, as far as possible, not only from her relatives but also from her compatriots; and it is no exaggeration to assert that the place which she acquires in the confidence—aye, and even in the affection—of her husband is often proportionate to the extent with which she severs her connection with her kith and kin.

Some who have at heart domestic happiness, and who look forward to acquiring popularity and regard in the country of their adoption, yield to their husbands' wish in this particular, to an extent that only those of their former American friends who have visited Europe can form any idea of. There are many European houses where, in spite of the fact that the mistress of the establishment is an American, no American has ever been permitted to cross the threshold.

European Attitude in Our War with Spain

IF Americans entertained any illusions with regard to the favor in which they are held in Europe, these must assuredly have been dispelled in 1898, at the time of the war of this country with Spain, when the sympathies of all the continental powers of Europe were undisguisedly with Spain, and when the efforts on the part of Germany and Austria to organize in her behalf an armed coalition of the foreign powers against the United States were only frustrated by the sturdy friendship of Great Britain. The Cologne *Gazette*, the Berlin *Post*, and the conservative *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the *Norddeutsche-Allgemeine-Zeitung*, and the Hamburg *News* lost no opportunity of comparing "the brutality of Yankee diplomacy" and the American "sordid greed for dollars" with the "chivalry," the "high-flown courtesy," and the "patriotism" of Spain.

The Austrian press was still more uncomplimentary, and there are few of my readers who will not recall how the offensive and hostile attitude of the Teuton Admiral Diederich and his squadron in the Bay of Manila toward Admiral Dewey, shortly after the latter's great naval victory there, brought Germany and the United States to the very brink of war. As for the French newspapers in 1898, there was some excuse for them to champion the cause of Spain rather than that of the United States. For almost the whole of the foreign national debt of Spain is held by French investors, who were naturally anxious for the victory of the horse that carried their money.

Prejudices Increased Since Beginning of Present War

WHATEVER prejudices existed in Europe before the beginning of the present war have vastly increased since, everywhere save in England. That they should have grown to such a startling degree in Germany, and in the countries allied to her, is not altogether surprising, since, despite the neutrality of President Wilson's administration, the bulk of popular sentiment here has been strongly in favor of Germany's foes. Still, it may be questioned whether the people of the United States were altogether prepared for such an intense degree of bitterness as has been shown in the past year by the Germans for everybody and everything American.

G. Reeder, one of the veteran members of the staff of the New York *World*, an American of German parentage, all of whose articles have been characterized by a very natural preference for the people of the land of his origin in the present conflict, declares in print, as the result of extensive tours of observation in Germany in the last few months, that the hatred of Americans entertained by the Germans is quite as intense as that manifested for the English, while, in comparison thereto, Teuton sentiment toward the Russians, the French, the Belgians, and the Japanese is quite friendly.

In an article printed in the New York *World* for January 16, 1916, Mr. Reeder writes that everywhere in Germany he heard the same remark: "Wir hassen die Amerikaner und alles was aus Amerika kommt." (We hate the Americans and everything that comes from America). He states that the people there not only refuse to permit English to be spoken, but are still more insistent that one should not speak "American." He also cites such expressions of popular opinion as "All Americans are murderers; they ought to be hanged." And he places on record the manner in which the American Ambassador Gerard, while occupying a box in a Berlin theater, was subjected to insult and to hostile demonstration.

Why the Germans Detest Us

OF course, much of this detestation by the Germans for everything American is due to their knowledge that Great Britain and her allies have purchased immense quantities of ammunition and other war supplies in the United States, and to the conviction, quite universal in Germany, that without these American-made munitions the Allies would long ere this have been compelled to throw up the sponge. In the most unreasoning manner the Germans complain that the United States has supplied war materials exclusively to the Powers of the Entente, blind to the fact that, if there had been any means of getting through the British blockade of the North Sea, manufacturers here would have been just as ready to ship munitions to Germany.

But what has perhaps hit the Germans even still harder has been the horror manifested here for the "frightfulness" of the methods of Teuton warfare in Belgium, in the eastern provinces of France, in the western provinces of Russia, in Galicia, and in Serbia, the wanton destruction of civilian life and private property, and the vandalistic wrecking of some of the grandest cathedrals, celebrated edifices, and historic monuments, spared by all the previous wars of the past thousand years, and dear to every American art lover and traveler. The Germans, for some reason or other, seem to have labored under the impression that in the present war they were assured of the good will and sympathy of the American people, and their disappointment and surprise has been so bitter that it has taken the form of fierce hatred.

With regard to Belgium, while her people are deeply touched by the generous efforts made by private American enterprise to relieve their sufferings, they feel that these sufferings might have been averted had the United States government raised its voice in timely protest against Germany's violation of the neutrality of their kingdom.

In France, the gratitude that would otherwise be felt for all that private American enterprise is so generously accomplishing there for the relief of the wounded, and of the other victims of the war, is tempered by the resentment caused by the extravagant, not to say extortionate, profits exacted by the American vendors of war supplies. As admitted in print by the latest issue of "Greater New York," the bulletin of the New York Merchants' Association, there have been numerous instances of American firms contracting to furnish France with goods at a certain price, and then either abandoning the contract in favor of newer and better orders, or declining to fulfil it except at an increase of twenty or thirty *per cent.* in the cost. These cases, which have been thoroughly ventilated in the French press, have created a very widespread impression to the effect that Americans, in the sale of war supplies and even of other goods, are exploiting the sufferings and perils of their old-time ally for selfish monetary gain.

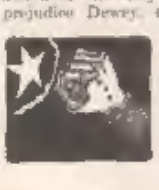
Then, too, France has always felt that she has a strong claim on the support of the United States government, in view of the fact that she financed the American War of Independence with money which has never been repaid. That President Wilson and his administration should have remained silent in the face of Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, a violation that enabled the Kaiser to invade French territory at a relatively unprotected point, has been a great disappointment in France.

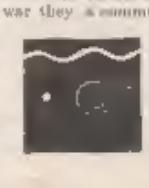
Russia, in the American war of the rebellion, gave a striking and very important manifestation of her friendship for the United States by sending her fleet to New York at a critical moment. American popularity in Russia, however, underwent a very severe strain when President Taft broke off treaty relations with the Czar's government, as the climax of the controversy over Muscovite passport regulations. Moreover, the nearly confidence manifested here by financiers, merchants, and manufacturers in Russia's financial credit and general economic and political stability, has been very humiliating to her.

Americans' Popularity Increasing in Great Britain

THE only nation with which Americans are more popular to-day than at the beginning of the war is Great Britain. Perhaps because Britons are somewhat less ignorant of life and conditions over here than are the other nations of Europe, they can make allowances for the difficulties by which President Wilson and his administration are confronted in the great conflagration now in progress. While they would have liked him to act with a greater degree of vigor at the time of the German violation of the neutrality of Belgium, they would not wish him actively to espouse their cause in the struggle by joining the Powers of the Entente, realizing that the United States is of far greater use, both politically and economically, to the British cause as a friendly neutral.

The English are not disposed to haggle over prices for war supplies. And they are keenly alive to the sympathy that has fallen to their share on the part of the great mass of the American people ever since the beginning of the struggle. This sympathy has served to cement a friendship based on ties of blood and tradition as well as on a community of language, literature, and law, a friendship that may prove of even still greater value than in the past to the United States, when, on the restoration of peace, the Great Republic finds itself confronted by increased prejudice on the part of all other nations now engaged in war.





The Little Fiddler of Amen Island

By NORMAN DUNCAN

Illustrations by George Harding

IT was the boast of the Little Fiddler of Amen Island that he had lamed many a man and maid. "An', good!" said he, his blue eyes slight, his clean little teeth showing in a mischievous grin, his round cheeks flushed with delight in the gift of power. "There's no leg between ol' Cape John an' the Norman Light so sodden it can balk me when I've the wind in my favor!"—meaning to imply, with more truth than modesty, that the devilishly alluring invitation of his music was altogether irresistible when he was in the mood to provoke a response. "And I the will," said he, "I could draw tears from the figurehead o' the *Resolute* boat. An' one o' these days, when I've the mind t' show my power," said he darkly, "maybe I'll do it, too!"

He was young—he was twelve. Terry Late was his name. To be known as the Little Fiddler of Amen Island from Twillingate Long Point as far north as the Newfoundland world of that coast sailed was the measure of celebrity he coveted.

It was aboard a trading schooner—a fly-by-night visitor at Amen Island—that the Little Fiddler of Amen Island had first clapped eyes on a fiddle and heard the strains of it. That was long ago—oh, long, long ago! Terry Late was a mere child then—seven or thereabouts. An' 'twas the month o' June—sweet weather, good! (said he) an' after dark an' the full o' the moon. And Terry had harkened to the strain—some plaintive imaginings of the melancholy clerk in the cabin, perhaps, and he had not been able to bear more—got another whiff or sob of it (said he)—but had run full tilt to his mother's knee to tell her first of all the full wonder of the adventure. 'Twas called a fiddle (said he)—'twas played with what they called a bow; an' oh, woman (said he), what music could be made by means of it! And Terry could play it—he had seen the clerk sawin' an' sawin' away; an' he had learned how 'twas done jus' by lookin'—in a mere peep. "'Twas nothin' at all t' do (said he)—not a whit o' bother for a clever lad. Jus' give me a fiddle an' a bow—he'd show us how 'twas done!

"I got t' have one, mamma!" he declared. "Good! I jus' got t'!"

His mother laughed at this fine fervor.

"Mark me!" he stormed. "I'll have one o' they fiddles afore very long. An' I'll have folk fair shakin' their legs off t' the music I makes!"

AT Caudlestick Cove, Doctor Rolfe was to feed his dogs and put up for the night. It was treacherous March weather; and the night threatened foul—a flurry of snow falling and the sky overcast with a thickening drab scud. Day was done when Doctor Rolfe crawled out of the timber and scurried down Jump Rill. In the early dusk the lights were already twinkling yellow and warm in the cottages below. There were still sixty miles left of Doctor Rolfe's northern round—the second winter round from Afternoon Arm to the lonely lights of Laughter Bight, thirty miles north of Cape Blind. Doctor Rolfe visioned those wintry miles and reflected upon the propriety of omitting a call at Amen Island. He drew up at Maid Jim Cull's.

"Skipper James," said he, in the kitchen, across the lamp-lit, devastated supper-table, an hour later, "what's the health of Amen Island?"

"They're all well, sir—so far as I knows."

"All well! Just my luck! Then I won't—"

"Amanda," Skipper James admonished his wife in a grieved whisper, "the Doctor is wantin' another cup o' tea."

The good woman was astonished.

"He've had—" she began.

Then she blushed, and grasped the pot in a flutter, and—

"Thank you—no more," the Doctor protested.

"Ah, now, sir—"

"No more, really you know! I've quite finished. I—well—I—if you please, Mrs. Cull. Half a cup—no more. Thank you."

"ALL fit an' well, sir, as I says," Skipper James repeated, relieved—"so far as I knows."

"Anybody come across Ships' Run lately?"

"Well, no, sir—nobody but ol' Jack Hulk. Another slice o' pork, Doctor?"

The youngest little Cull tittered, astounded:

"He've had—"

Amanda covered the youngest little Cull's lips just in time with a soft hand.

"Thank you—no," the Doctor protested again. "I've quite finished. Nothing more—really! Well," he yielded, "if you will—"

"No; nobody but ol' Jack Hulk."

"Jack Hulk, you say? Hmm. When was that?"

"I don't rightly remember, sir. 'Twas less than a fortnight ago; I'll lay t' that much."

"And all well over there?"

"No report o' sickness, sir."

"Quite sure about that?"

"Well, sir," Skipper James replied, his gray eyes twinkling, "I asked ol' Jack Hulk, an' he said, 'All well on Amen Island. The Lord's been wonderful easy on us this winter. I'd almost go so far as t' say,' says he, 'that he've been lax. We've had no visitation o' the Lord,' says he, 'since the fall o' the year. We don't deserve this mercy. I'm free t' say that. We don't been livin' as we should. There's been more frivolity on Amen Island this winter than ever afore in my time. It haven't been noticed so far," says he. 'That's plain enough. An' so, as yet,' says he, 'we're all well on Amen Island.'"

The Doctor grinned.

"What's the ice on Ships' Run?" said he.

"'Tis tumbled, sir. A man would have t' foot it across. You bound over, sir?"

Doctor Rolfe deliberated.

"I think not," said he, then. "No." This was positive. "If they're all as well as that on Amen Island, I'll go away for Afternoon Arm at noon to-morrow. No; no more—really. I—well—I'm almost selfish, I declare. Thank you—if you please—just a small—"

WHEN old Bob Likely, the mailman, traveling afoot 'round Come-Along Point of Amen Island and searched the shadows ahead for his entertainment, his lodgings for the night were determined and disclosed. It was late—a flurry of snow falling and the moon overcast with a thickening drab scud; and old Bob Likely's disheartened expectation on the rumbled ice of Ships' Run, between Point o' Bay of the Harborless Shore and Amen Island, had consequently discovered the cottages of his destination dark—the windows black, the fires dead, the kitchens frosty, and the folk of Amen Island long ago turned in. Of the thirty cottages of Amen, however, snuggled under thick blankets of snow, all asleep in the gray night, one was wide awake—lighted up as if for some festivity; and for the hospitality of its lamps and smoking chimney old Bob Likely clasped his astonished course.

"'Tis a dance!" he reflected, heartening his step. "I'll shake a foot if I lame myself!"

Approaching Tom Late's cottage from the harbor ice, old Bob Likely cocked his ear for the thump and shuffle of feet and the lively music of the Little Fiddler of Amen Island. It was the Little Fiddler's way to boast: "They'll sweat the night! Mark me! I'm feelin' fine. They'll shed their jackets! I'll have their boots off!" And old Bob Likely expected surely to discover the Little Fiddler perched on the back of a chair, the chair aloft on the kitchen table, mischievously delighting in the abandoned antics of the dancers. But there was no music—no thump or shuffle of feet or lively strain. The house was still—except for a whizz and metallic squeaking in the kitchen shed, to which old Bob Likely made his way.

Tom Late was whirling a grindstone by candlelight in the shed. When Bob Likely lifted the latch he was startled.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

"'Tis his Majesty's mail, Tom."

"That you, Bob?" Tom's drawn face lightened with heartiness. "Well, well! Come in. You're welcome. We're need of a lusty man in this house the night. If the thing haves t' be done, Bob, you'll come handy for holdin'. You come across from Candlestick?"

Bob threw off his pack.

"No," said he. "I come over from Point o' Bay."

"Any word o' the Doctor down north?"

"Ay; he's down north somewheres."

"Whereabouts, Bob?"

"I heard of un at Trap Harbor."

"Trap Harbor! Was he workin' north?"

"There was sickness at Haddle Cove."

"At Haddle Cove! My, my! 'Tis below Cape Blind. He'll not be this way in a fortnight. Oh, dear me!"

By this time Bob was stamping his feet and brooming the snow from his seal-hide boots. In answer to his violence the kitchen door fell ajar. Bob Likely cocked his ear. Queer sounds—singular scraps of declamation and pleading—issued to the wood-shed. There was the tap-tap of a wooden leg. Bob Likely identified the presence and agitated pacing of the maternal grandfather of the Little Fiddler. And there was a whimper and a sob. It was the Little Fiddler. A woman crooned: "Hush, dear—ah, hush, now!" A high-pitched, querulous voice: "That's what we done when I sailed along o' Small Sam Small aboard the *Royal Bloodhound*. That's what we done t' Cap'n Small Sam Small." A young man, then: "I'll never have it done t' me!" And the woman again: "Ah, hush, dear! Never mind! Ah—hush, now!" To which there responded a defiant howl: "I tell you, I won't have it done t' me!"

BY all this, to be sure, old Bob Likely was deeply mystified.

"Look you, Tom!" said he suspiciously. "What you doin' out here in the frost?"

"Who? Me?" Tom was evasive.

"Ay."

"Nothin' much."

"'Tis a cold place for that, Tom. An' 'tis a poor lie you're tellin'. 'Tis easy t' see, Tom, that you're busy."

"Ah, well, I got a little job on hand."

"What is your job?"

"This here little job I'm doin' now?"

"Ay."

Tom was reluctant. "I'm puttin' an edge on my ax," he replied.

"What for, Tom?"

Tom hesitated. "Well—" he drawled. And then, abruptly: "Nothin' much." He was both grieved and agitated.

"But what *for*?"

"I wants it good an' sharp."

"What you want it good an' sharp for?"

"An ax serves best," Tom evaded, "when 'tis sharp."

"Look you, Tom!" said Bob. "You're behavin' in a very queer way, an' I gives you warnin' o' the fact. What happens? Here I comes quite unexpected on you by candlelight in the shed. Who is I? I'm his Majesty's mail. Mark that, Tom! An' what does I find you doin'? Puttin' an edge on an ax. I asks you why you're puttin' an edge on your ax, an' you won't tell. If I didn't know you for a mild man, Tom, I'd fancy you was tired o' your wife."

"Tired o' my wife!" Tom exploded indignantly. "I isn't goin' t' kill my wife!"

"Who you goin' t' kill?"

"I isn't goin' t' kill nobody."

"Well, what you goin' t' kill?"

"I isn't goin' t' kill nothin'."

"Well, then," Bob burst out, "what in thunder is you puttin' an edge on your ax for at this time o' night?"

"Who? Me?"

"Ay—you!"

"I got some doctorin' t' do."

Bob lifted his brows. "Hum!" he coughed. "You usually do your doctorin' with an ax?" he inquired.

"No," said Tom uneasily; "not with an ax."

"What you usually use, Tom?"

"What I usually uses, Bob," Tom replied, "is a decoction an' a spoon."

"Somebody recommend an ax for this complaint?"

"Isn't that, Bob. 'Tis this way. When I haves a job t' do, Bob, I always uses what serves best an' lies handy. That's jus' plain common sense an' cleverness. Well, then, jus' now an ax suits me to a T. An' so I'm puttin' a good edge on the only ax I got."

"An ax," Bob observed, "will do quick work."

"That's jus' what I thought!" cried Tom, delighted. "Quick an' painless."

"There's jus' one trouble about an ax," Bob went on dryly, "when used in the practice o' medicine. What's done with an ax," he concluded, "is hard t' repair."

THE doctor, having finished his professional round of the Candlestick cottages in good time, harnessed his dogs, soon after noon next day. Evidently the folk of Amen Island were well. They had been frivolous, no doubt—but had not been caught at it. Amen Island was to be omitted. Doctor Rolfe was ready for the trail to Poor Luck Harbor on the way south. He shouted a last good-by to the folk of Candlestick Cove, who had gathered to wish him God-speed, and laughed in delighted satisfaction with their affection, and waved his hand, and called to his dogs and cracked his whip; and he would have been gone south from Candlestick Cove on the way to Poor Luck Harbor and Afternoon Arm in another instant had he not caught sight of Bob Likely coming up the harbor ice.

As old Bob was doubtless from Amen Island, and as he carried the gossip of the coast on the tip of his tongue, Doctor Rolfe halted his team and waited for him.

"From Amen, Bob?"

"I is, sir. I'm jus' come across the flaw."

"Are they all well?"

"Well, no, sir, they isn't. The Little Fiddler is in mortal trouble. I fears, sir, he's bound aloft."

"Hut!" the Doctor scoffed. "What's the matter with the Little Fiddler?"

"He've a sore finger, sir."

The Doctor pondered this. He frowned, perplexed. "What sort of a sore finger?"

"They thinks 'tis mortification, sir."

"Gangrene! What do you think, Bob?"

"It looks like it, sir. I seed a case, sir, when I were off sealin' on the—"

"Was the finger bruised?"

"No, sir; 'twasn't bruised."

"Was it frost-bitten?"

"No, sir; 'twasn't the frost that done it. I made sure o' that. It come from a small cut, sir."

"A simple infection, probably. Did you use a line of demarcation?"

"Sir?"

"It was discolored?"

"Oh, ay, sir! 'Twas some queer sort o' color."

"What color?"

"Well, sir," said Bob cautiously, "I wouldn't say as t' that. I'd say jus' 'twas some mortal queer sort o' color."

"Was there a definite line between the discoloration and the sound flesh?"

Bob Likely scratched his head.

"I don't quite mind," said he, "whether there was or not."

"Then there was not," the Doctor declared, relieved. "You would not have failed to note that line. 'Tis not gangrene. The lad's all right. That's good. Everybody else well on Amen Island?"

Bob was troubled.

"They're t' cut that finger off," said he, "jus' as soon as little Terry will yield. Lee' night, sir, we wasn't able t' overcome his objection. 'Tis what he calls one of his fiddle fingers, sir, an' he's lookin' out—"

"Cut it off? Absurd! They'll not do that."

"Ay; but they will, sir. 'Tis t' be done the night, sir, with the help o' Sandy Lands an' Black Walt Anderson. They're t' restrain an' hold un, sir. They'll wait no longer. They're afeared o' losin' little Terry altogether."

"But surely—"

"If 'twern mortification, sir, wouldn't you cut that finger off?"

"At once."

"With an ax?

"If I had nothing better."

"An' if the lad was obstinate—"

"If an immediate operation seemed to be advisable, I would have the lad held."

"Well, sir," said Bob, "they thinks 'tis mortification, sir; an', not knowin' no better—"

"Thank you," said the Doctor. He turned to Mad Jim Call. "Skipper James," said he, "have Timmie take care of the dogs. I'll across Ships' Run and lance that finger."

DUSK fell on Amen Island. No doctor had crossed the Run. No saving help—no help of any sort, except the help of Sandy Lands and Black Walt Anderson to hold the rebellious subject—had come. Doctor Rolfe had been delayed at Candlestick Cove.

The great news of his fortunate passing had spread inland overnight to the tilts of Battle River. Before the Doctor could get under way for Amen Island, an old dame of Serpent Bend, who had come better-shelter through the timber, whipping her team, frantic to be in time to command relief before the Doctor's departure, drove up alone, with four frowsy dogs, and desired the extraction of a tooth; and this delayed the Doctor an hour or more. Then a woman of Silver Fox was driven in—a matter that occupied Doctor Rolfe until the day was near spent and the crossing of Ships' Run was a hazard.

"You'll put it off, sir?" Skipper James advised.

The Doctor surveyed the ice and the sky beyond Amen Island.

"I wish I might," said he frankly.

"I would, sir."

"I—I can't, very well."

"The flaw's started down the Run, sir."

"Yes-s," the Doctor admitted uneasily; "but you see, Skipper James, I—I—"

IT was falling dusk and blowing up when Doctor Rolfe and Skipper James, gaffs in hand,—a gaff is a lithe, iron-shod pole, eight or ten feet long,—left the heads of Candlestick Cove for the ice of Ships' Run; and a spit of frosty snow—driving in straight lines—was in the gale. Amen Island, lying nearly in the wind's eye, was hardly distinguishable, through the misty interval, from the blue-black sky beyond. Somewhere to leeward of Candlestick Cove the jam had yielded to the rising pressure of the wind. The flaw was outward bound from the Run. It was already moving in the channel, and the ice was thinning out with accelerating speed as the compression was relieved. All the while, thus, as Doctor Rolfe and Skipper James made across, the path was diminishing and vanishing.

In the slant of the wind the ice in the channel of Ships' Run was blown lightly against the Candlestick coast. About the urgent business of the escape to the wide water of Great Yellow Bay, the floe rubbed the Candlestick rocks in passing and crashed around the corner of Dead Man's Point. Near Amen Island, where the wind fell with less force, there was a perilous line of separation. In the lee of the Amen hills, a lane of water was opening between the inert shore ice and the wind-blown main floe.

When Doctor Rolfe and Skipper James came to this widening breach, they were delayed; and when they had drawn near the coast of Amen they were halted altogether.

"We're stopped, sir," Skipper James declared. "We'd best turn back, sir, while there's time."

"One moment—"

"No chance, sir."

"I'm an agile man, Skipper James. One moment. I—"

"A man can't cross that slush, sir."

Past Deep Water Head the last of the floe was driving. There is a wide little cove there—it is called Deep Water Cove; and there is deep water—a drop of ten fathoms, they say—under Deep Water Cliff. There was open water in both directions beyond the points of the cove. Heavy angle ice—fragments of glacial bergs—had caught the lesser, more brittle drift-pans of the floe against the broken lane and submerged lane of Deep Water Cliff, and ground them slowly to slush in the swells. There were six feet of this slush, perhaps—a depth of six feet and a width of thirty. Should a man's leg go deep enough he would not be able to withdraw it; and once fairly caught—both feet gripped—he would inevitably drop through. It would be slow and horrible, like sinking in a quicksand.

IT was near dark. The falling snow fast narrowed the circle of vision.

"I might get across," said Doctor Rolfe.

"You'll not try, sir," Skipper James declared positively.

There was something in Skipper James's tone to make Doctor Rolfe lift his brows.

"What's that?" said he, smiling grimly.

"I says you'll not try."

Doctor Rolfe laughed uneasily.

"No?"

"No, sir."

Skipper James was a big man. Doctor Rolfe measured his length and breadth and power with new interest. Decidedly, Skipper James was a big fellow! And his intentions were plain.

"But, Skipper James, you see, my dear fellow—"

"No, sir." Skipper James moved within reach.

"I'm quite sure—"

"No."

Doctor Rolfe stared at the breach of slush. He faced away. Then, abruptly, "Well-l," he admitted, with a shrug, "no doubt you're right, Skipper James. I—"

"Terry Lute would not have his finger off. 'I'll not have it off! I can't spare it.'"

IN Tom Lute's cottage beyond Cape Along Point of Amen Island they were ready for the operation. There was a thick round billet of birch up-ended in the middle of the kitchen floor, to serve as a block for the amputation; and the ax was sharp at last,—at hand, too, but concealed, for the moment, behind the pantry door,—and a pot of tar was warming on the kitchen stove. Sandy Lands had reported for duty, whom nothing but a sense of duty had drawn to a hand in the surgical assistance—a bit perturbed as he contemplated the task of restraining the struggles of a violent little subject whose temper he knew, but sturdy and resolved, his resolution substantiated by a sort of religious austerity. And Black Walt Anderson—a gigantic, phlegmatic fellow who would have subdivided into half a dozen little Terry Lutes—also awaited the signal to pounce upon the Little Fiddler of Amen Island, imprison his arms, confine his legs, subdue all his little struggles, in short, bear him to the block and fatten his hand and spread his fingers for the severing blow. It was to be a simple operation—a swift descent of the ax and a quick application of hot tar and bandages to stifle the wound.

And that was to be the end of the finger and the trouble.

There had been a good deal of trouble. Terry Lute's sore finger was a source of brutal agony. There had been many days of this pain—a throbbing torture in the finger and hand and arm. And Terry had practised deception to a heroic degree. No pain (said he); but—ah, well, a twinge now an' again—but nuthin' at all t' make a man complain. An' sure (said he), 'twas better all the while—improvin' every blessed minute, sir. A day more would see the boil yield t' mother's poultice, an' a fortnight would see un healed up an' the finger able for labor again.

It was in the night that Terry could conceal the agony no longer—deep in the night, when his mother sat beside the cot, and then he would crawl out of bed, stow his slender little body away in his mother's arms, put his head down, and cry and moan without shame until he had exhausted himself and fallen into a fitful sleep. No, it was no trifling agony for Terry Lute to withstand. And he knew all the while, moreover, that the cut of an ax—no more, it might be, than a flash—would eventually relieve him. Terry Lute was not afraid of the pain of the thing they wanted to do: that was not the inspiration of his infuriated rebellion.

This affair of Terry Lute's finger was of gravest moment; had the finger gangrened, it must come off in haste—and the sooner the better; and an ax and a pot of tar were the serviceable instruments, according to the teaching of all experience. Doubtless doctors were better provided and more able; but, as there was no doctor to be had, and as Terry Lute was loved and greatly desired in the flesh, and as he was apparently in peril of a sudden

Everything was ready—the tea-kettle of hot water, the ax, the block; and miles away the Doctor was plodding through the snow. Would he get there in time?

departure, and as he was in desperate pain, and as—

But Terry Lute would not have his finger off. From the corner, where he stood at bay, roaring in a way to silence the very gale that had now begun to shake the cottage, he ran to his mother's knee. And there he sobbed his complaint.

"Ah, Terry, lad," his father pleaded, "'tis only a finger!"

"'Tis on my left hand!"

"You're not left-handed, son," Tom Lute argued patiently. "You've no real need o' four fingers there. Why, sonny boy, once I knowed a man—"

"'Tis one o' my fiddle fingers."

Tom Lute sighed.

"Fiddle fingers, son!" said he. "Ah, now, boy! You've said that so often, an' so foolishly, that I—"

"I'll not have it off!"

"But—"

"Isn't no use in havin' it off," Terry complained, "an' I can't spare it. This here heal—"

"Tain't a boil, son; 'tis mortification."

"'Tis not mortification."

Again Tom sighed.

"Is you afeared, Terry?" said he. "Surely you isn't a pulin' little coward, is you? A finger! 'Tis such a simple little thing t' suffer—"

"I'm not afeared, neither!"

"Well, then—"

"You may cut any finger you likes off my right hand," Terry boasted, "an' I'll not whimper a peep."

"I don't want a finger off your right hand, Terry."

"I won't have it!"

"'Tis no pleasure t' me t'—"

"I won't have a finger off my left hand!"

"I tells you, Terry, you isn't left-handed. I've told you that a thousand times. What in the name o'—"

"I tells you, I won't have it!"

BLACK Walt Anderson looked to Tom Lute for a signal. Sandy Lands rose.

"Now?" he seemed to inquire.

Tom Lute shook his head.

"That's the way we done aboard the *Royal Bloodhound*," the Little Fiddler's grandfather put in.

He began to pace the floor. The tops of his wooden leg was furious and his voice was as gusty as the gale outside.

"Now, you mark me!" he ran on. "We chopped Cay'n Sam Small's foot off with a ax an' plugged it with b'lilin' tar. 'Twas mortification. I knows mortification when I see it. An' Sam Small got well."

He was bawling, by this time, like a skipper in a gale—being deaf, the old man was accustomed to raise his voice, in a gradual *crescendo*, until he had come as near hearing himself as possible.

"Yes, sir—you mark me! That's what we done aboard the *Royal Bloodhound* the year I shipped for the seals along o' Small Sam Small. We chopped it clean off with a meat ax an' plugged it with b'lilin' tar. If Small Sam Small had clung t' that number for another day he would have died. Mark me! Small Sam Small would have been dropped over the side o' the *Royal Bloodhound* an' left t' shift for himself in a sack an' a Union Jack!"

HE paused before Terry Lute and shook a lean finger under the boy's nose.

"Now," he roared, "you mark me!"

"I isn't aboard the *Royal Bloodhound!*" Terry sobbed.

"Ah, Terry!" This was Terry's mother. She was crying bitterly. "You'll die an you don't have that finger off!"

"I'll die an I got to!"

"Oh, Terry, Terry!"

"I isn't afeared t' die."

"Ah, Terry dear, whatever would I do—"

"I'll die afore I gives up one o' my fiddle fingers."

"But you isn't got—"

"Never you mind about that!"

"If you had—"

"You jus' wait till I grows up!"

Again Sandy Lands inquired for the signal. Tom Lute lifted a hand to forbid.

"Terry, son," said he gravely, "once an' for all, now, will you—"

"No!" Terry roared.

"Oh, oh, Terry, dear!" the mother wailed, observing the preparations behind Terry's back. "If you'd only—"

Terry screamed in a furious passion:

"Have done, woman! I tells you, I won't have none o' my fiddle fingers cut off!"

It was the end. Tom Lute gave the signal. Sandy Lands and Black Walt Anderson pounced upon little Terry Lute and carried him, bawling and struggling, from his mother's knee toward the block. Tom Lute stood waiting there with the ax. As for Terry Lute's mother, she flew to the stove, tears streaming from her eyes, her mouth grim, and fetched the pot of tar. And then all at once the Little Fiddler of Amen Island wriggled out of the clutches of his captors—they were too tender with him—and dived under the kitchen table.

CONFRONTING the slush of Deep Water Cove, with the finger of the Little Fiddler of Amen Island awaiting his administration beyond, Doctor Rolfe had misled Skipper James Cull into the assumption of his hopeless case. It was not in his mind to return to Candlestick Cove that night: it was in his mind to gain the shore and proceed upon his professional call. And there was reason in this. For when the group of arctic ice—still rhythmically swinging in and out with the great seas from the open—drove down upon the broken base of Deep Water Cliff, it compressed the ice between. At the moment of greatest compression the slush was reasonably solid ground. When the arctic ice subsided with the wave, the slush expanded in the wider space it was then permitted to occupy. A man could cross—a light, agile man, daring the depth of the slush, might be able to cross—when the slush was compressed. No man could run all the way across. It must be in two advances. Midway he would be caught by the subsidence of the wave. From this he must preserve himself. And from this—from dropping through the field of slush and having it close over his head—he might preserve himself by means of his gaff.

"We-ell," Doctor Rolfe had admitted, apparently resigned, "no doubt you're right, Skipper James. I—"

Now the arctic ice was poised.

"Ay, sir. An' you're more reasonable than ever I knowed you t'—"

A sea was rolling in.

"We-ell," the Doctor drawled, "as I grow older—"

Then came the moment of advantage. Doctor Rolfe ran out on the slush before Skipper James could reach out a hand to restrain him. It was indiscreet. Doctor Rolfe had been too eager to escape—he had started too soon. The sea was not down—the slush was not squeezed tight. A foot sank to the ankle. Doctor Rolfe jerked it out. The other foot went down to the calf of the leg. Doctor Rolfe jerked it—tugged it. It was fast. The slush, in increasing compression, had caught it. He must wait for the wave to subside. His flesh crept with the horror of the thing. He was trapped—caught fast! A moment later the sea was in retreat from the cliff and the slush began to thin.

DOCTOR ROLFE employed the stratagem that is familiar to the coast for dealing with such ice as the slush in which he was entrapped. He waited—alert. There would come a moment when the condolency of the ice would be so thin that he would drop through. Precisely before that moment—when his feet were first free—he dropped flat on his gaff. Having in this way distributed his weight—avoided its concentration on a small area—he was borne up; and he withdrew his feet and waited for the sea to fall in again and compress the ice.

When the next wave fell in, Skipper James started across the ice like a bob-cat.

Doctor Rolfe lay inert through two waves. When the third fell, he jumped up and ran toward the base of Deep Water Cliff. Again the sea caught him unaware. His flesh was creeping again. Horror of the stuff underfoot—the treacherous insecurity of it—drove him. The shore was close. He was too eager for the shore—he ran too far; and his foot went down again—foot and leg to the thigh. As instinctively he tried violently to extract the leg by stepping up on the other foot—that leg went down to the knee. A fall to the arm-pits impended—a deep clean through and overthrust. The drop would inevitably be the result of a flash of hesitation. Doctor Rolfe cried out. And as he cried he plunged forward—a swift, conscious effort to fall prone on his gaff.

There was a blank. Nothing seemed to happen. He was amazed to discover that the gaff upheld him. It occurred to him, then, that his feet were trapped—that he could not withdraw his legs from the sucking slush. Nor could he. They were caught. And he perceived that they were sinking deeper—that he was slowly slipping through the slush.

He was conscious of the night—the dark and snow and wind; and he fancied that he heard a voice of warning:

"Cotch hold—"

It was a voice.

"Cotch hold o' the gaff!"

Doctor Rolfe seized the end of Skipper James's gaff and drew himself out of the grip of the slush. When the sea came in again he jumped up and joined Skipper James on the broken base of Deep Water Cliff. He was breathing hard. He did not look back. Skipper James said that they had better make haste—that somebody would "cotch a death o' cold" if they did not make haste. And they made haste.

AN hour or more later, Doctor Rolfe, with Skipper James in his wake, thrust into Tom Lute's agitated kitchen and interrupted the amputation of the fiddle finger of the Little Fiddler of Amen Island with a "Well, well, well! What in the name of—" and stood staring—all dusted with snow and shivering and fairly gone purple with cold.

They had got Terry Lute cornered then—his back against the wall, his face horrified, his mouth wide open in a bellow of rage, and Sandy Lands and Black Walt Anderson were almost upon him; and Tom Lute was grimly ready with the ax; and Terry Lute's mother was standing beside the round birch block with the pot of tar in her hands and her apron over her head.

Doctor Rolfe stood staring at all this—his mouth as wide open, because of a temporary paralysis due to his amusement, as Terry Lute's mouth was fallen in anger and terror. And it was not long after that—the Doctor being warm and dry then, and the kitchen quiet and expectant, and Tom Lute and Terry Lute's mother exhibiting relief and the keenest sort of interest—that the Doctor took Terry Lute's fiddle finger in his hand and began to prepare it for the healing thrust of a lance.

"I'm going to cure it, Terry," said he.

"That's good, sir. I'm wonderful glad t' save that finger."

"You cherish that finger, Terry?"

"I does that, sir! I've need of it, sir."

The Doctor was not attending. His attention was on the lance and its object.

"Mm-m," he ran on absently, to make distracting conversation. "You're need of it, eh?"

"'Tis one o' my fiddle fingers, sir."

"Mm-m? Ah! The Little Fiddler of Amen Island! Well, Terry, lad, you'll be able to play your fiddle again in a fortnight."

Terry grinned.

"No, sir," said he; "I won't be playin' my fiddle by that time."

The Doctor looked up in astonishment.

"Yes, you will," he flashed sharply.

"No, sir."

"But I tell you—"

"I isn't got no fiddle."

"What!"

"All I got now," said the Little Fiddler of Amen Island, "is a jew's-harp. But jus' you wait till I grows up!"

Do You Use Your Government?

By FRED C. KELLY

LET us assume that there is something you wish to know. You wish to raise a baby, a goat, radishes, hay, or chickens. Maybe you want to learn how to trim a rosebush, what to do for your health, or what good is a hop-toad.

Whatever line of information has excited your interest, the chances are that you might go farther and do worse than to seek your knowledge at the hands of the celebrated United States government.

When you learn a thing from the government, you not only get it easily and inexpensively, but you get an authoritative statement. In the agricultural department, for example, there are more experts than can be found in any college in the land. You can have the benefit of their definite knowledge for the asking, or for the price of a cigar.

Members of Congress often mail out to their constituents lists of so-called farmers' bulletins, and there is scarcely a man or a woman in either city or country who would not find something of interest in this list. But congressmen also send out copies of their speeches, and many people who don't care for the speeches fall into the habit of throwing both classes of matter into the waste-basket.

Find a Little Bulletin to Read

IN so doing people overlook a lot of good stuff. There are more than 700 of these little farmers' bulletins, and they are not confined merely to the matter of growing things in the ground. Here are just a few, noticed at random on the list:

Meats, Composition and Cooking
Fish as Food
The Home Fruit Garden
Poultry as Food
Beautifying the Home Grounds
Cereal Breakfast Foods
Canning Vegetables in the Home
Bread and Bread-Making
Annual Flowering Plants

One can obtain a list of these bulletins by writing to his congressman, or by writing direct to the Division of Publications of the Department of Agriculture. The bulletins are free while they last, and after the free supply is gone they can be bought from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, for five cents each.

I know a man who made it a practice to carry one or two of these pamphlets in his pocket all the time. He lived in the suburbs of his city, and read them while going back and forth on the street-car. To-day he is looked upon in his neighborhood as an authority on the care of the vegetable and flower garden.

It is an interesting fact that, of all the more than 700 bulletins, the ones in greatest demand deal with chickens. And most of those who want chicken reading matter are city folk! It seems that there breathes scarcely a city dweller with soul so dead that he doesn't look forward to the time when he will retire to a pretty little well manicured acre or two, and make a comfortable living from poultry.

These bulletins, however, are only one little item of the information one may obtain free from the government. If you are a farmer and have a problem of any kind whatsoever, write to W. J. Spillman, chief of the Bureau of Farm-Management; he will come back with a personal letter telling you just what to do. There is now, in many county-seats throughout the country, a government farm expert who may be consulted by near-by farmers.

Last year one of these experts, stationed in an Indiana county, got the farmers to take care of their apples, which had been allowed to rot on the ground because there seemed to be no demand for them. He showed them how they could make a profitable deal with commission merchants in Indianapolis.

A friend of mine had a farm in Ohio, part of which was covered with a scrubby growth of oak, which was not of much use for timber, but which spoiled the ground for pasture. He made inquiries of his neighbors as to a way of disposing of the timber for enough to pay for clearing the ground. Nobody knew of any use for such small timber. He wrote to the Bureau of Forestry at Washington, which was in touch with a man, living within a few miles of the Ohio farm, who wanted just such a lot of cheap oak timber to burn in a brick kiln. Moreover, it knew another man in the same locality who was a forestry expert and could tell which timber to cut and which to leave.

Learn How to Raise Babies

PERHAPS information pertaining to things that grow in the soil is out of your line. Your hobby, maybe, is bringing up a cute little assortment of babies. Very well. If you will write to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, or the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior, at Washington, you will obtain a long list of free government publications crammed full of high-grade information that you can apply to baby or child culture.

Almost anybody could glance over a list of all the new books published in a given year and see titles that would catch his interest—books that he might never learn of in the book stores or by reading the reviews in the magazines. For a small sum of money you can get a fully indexed list of all the publications that are copyrighted at Washington. This list is known as the "Catalogue of Copyright Entries." It comes in four parts, and is obtainable from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, for $1 a year. Or you can buy any single part as follows:

Part 1. Books (including pamphlets, leaflets, and contributions to periodicals), Lectures, Dramatic Compositions, Maps and Charts, $1 a year.

Part 2. Periodicals (that is, newspapers and magazines), 50 cents a year.

Part 3. Musical Compositions, $1 a year.

Part 4. Works of Art (paintings, drawings, and sculpture), with photographs, prints, and other pictorial illustrations, etc., 50 cents a year.

Government Movie Shows

THE government even provides free moving picture shows—shows that are commendable because they do not contain the Nick Carter brand of plot so prevalent to-day. Twenty-three films were made for the Agricultural Department last year, to be shown at country school-houses, churches, and county fairs by department representatives. They covered the following subjects:

Congressional Seed Distribution
Uncle Sam's Pig Club Work
Constructing a Concrete Silo
The Work of a Forest Ranger
Lumbering Lodgepole Pine
The Grazing Industry of the National Forests
Lodgepole Pine for Railroad Ties
Tree-Planting in the National Forests
National Forests as Recreation Grounds
"Bull Run," Portland's Water Supply
Lumbering Yellow Pine in the Southwest
What a Careless Hunter Can Do
Testing Rock for Road-Building
Rock Tests with Traction Dynamometer
Road Construction and Maintenance
Concrete Road Construction
Macadam Road Construction
Gravel Road Construction
Bituminous Macadam Road Construction
Cement and Concrete Tests
The Strawberry Industry of Warren County, Kentucky
The American Sardine Industry of Maine
Corn from Field to Can

Write your congressman and get your list of the government's free bulletins to-day. It will surprise you.

Just by Way of Illustration

IN fact, the government will do almost anything for you except tell your fortune from tea-grounds or find you a wife. It will get you a job, test the water in your well, advise you about your baby, or some—if you have the price of a steam yacht in your jeans—sell you a gram of radium. Dr. Moore, here shown, is the government's expert on radium, and has invented a process that practically cuts the price in two. A boon to the working-man.

YOU probably think that nobody sees more of the food that is served in your kitchen except yourself, the cook, and her policeman friend. But you are wrong. All over the country men are buying a can of beans here and a pound of coffee there and sending them down to Washington for the government experts to test. No manufacturer can ever let his product slip very far without receiving a polite but firm invitation to call at the nearest jail and explain.

IF you have a few queer bugs and want to swap, write Dr. L. O. Howard, Bureau of Entomology, Washington. He's always looking for new worms, beetles, moths, and flies, and he'll tell you anything about a bug's habits and history, even its grandmother. What he is after is the execution of all bad bugs.—Once that sad escape,—and he is the best authority on the subject in the world.

JUST to show how versatile our benevolent old uncle is, see what he thinks of tango parties. Because the employees of the Bureau of Engraving can not leave the building at night until all the money is accounted for, the government put a Victrola on the roof and serves tea at noon. Uncle Sam is a pretty good fellow to work for, the government clerks say. Congressmen echo the statement, omitting the word "for."

Photographs from U. S. Culver

BAD tea can not be bought in the United States, because George E. Mitchell and his staff do not allow it. Each working day last year, Mr. Mitchell tasted an average of five cups of tea—each a different kind. If you have never learned to use your government, begin now. There is almost no problem of home-making or business on which it is not prepared and glad to be of help.

The Hardest Ways of Making Money

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

TO-MORROW, dearest beloved, when the bad grows heavy on your shoulder and you begin to blame your cruel fate, pull this page out from its hiding place close to your heart, and look at it. You might have been born Edward Denninger, whose job is to sell his blood to anemic children and tuberculus patients in the hospitals. $20 a quart, he gets. "Pain," he sniffs. "It isn't the knife, it's the doctors that give me a pain. They want me to go to bed for a day after every bleeding."

Photograph by Edwin Levick.

PARIS hats and gowns may be on more, but somebody has to go right on manufacturing Paris green; otherwise the potato-bugs would overrun the world. But Paris green is made of arsenic, a slow, insidious poison that eats away the digestive organs. Hence the Paris-greeners are masked as if for the trenches; they work only four hours a day; and before going home must take a powerful emetic to rid their stomachs of any Paris green they may have absorbed. A short life, and a merry one.

Photograph by Bassano

IF all the little girls who want to be trained nurses and marry handsome men with white bandages across their foreheads will step forward, we will introduce them to Lady Mary Gwendoline Davies, daughter of the late Sir Henry Davies. Somebody had to volunteer to be inoculated with the deadly German poison gas, in order to test a new serum invented by Dr. Kenneth Taylor. Lady Mary volunteered. The serum happened to save her—but have you ever thought of taking up the stage as a career, girls?

AT night the old mother snake wraps her little one to her breast and rattles her to sleep: "Rattle, rattle, rattle; go to sleep or the Arthurgilliam will get you." Arthur Gilham is a professional snake-catcher for the zoos. Of course, he is often bitten; but he carries all sorts of bandages, knives, and antidotes with him. By the way, gentlemen, he says that there is nothing in this "preparedness" for snake bites by loading up with snake-bite medicine years in advance.

Photograph by New York World.

THIS gentleman being bothered by a dog is not a burglar. On the contrary, he is the burglar's worst enemy, Jack Donner. It is Jack's business to put on five suits of clothes, walk out to a vacant lot, and start casually across. At a given moment the police release their dogs, and the dog that bites Jack the most times before the whistle blows has a rose pinned on him. Thus by letting Jack the dogs acquire a taste for burglar legs that never leaves them. The early Christians thrown to the lions had little on him.

TO make people cry at movies is easy; all one has to do is to bury one's head in the white pillows and die. But it's Chester Conklin's business to make them laugh. He has fallen through all the floors of a three-story building into a barrel of whitewash; has swung by one leg from aeroplanes, and been pounded over the head all day long. Whenever he asks for a raise in pay, they answer: "All right, get hurt harder; make 'em laugh more."

Triangle Film.

WALTER MONAHAN (left) is a heavy-weight boxer, but there is a look of anxiety on his face. Heaven created him the perfect sparring partner of champions—too big to win honors from middle-weights, and not quite big enough to fight in the prize-ring with the heavy-weights. Consequently it is now his daily job to guard himself from the blows of Jess Willard (right). Before Willard, both Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson punched their way to the championship on Monahan's big torso. However, he often receives fifteen hundred dollars for his pains.

HARRY DE MAR earns his living by entertaining—namely, by biting in two eight-inch steel spikes three quarters of an inch thick. He makes six dollars for a half hour's entertainment, and he says he is good for seven performances a day. Of spike-biting wearies, he has other handy ways of entertaining. For instance, he will lie on his back with a 500-pound stone on his chest, which is then shattered by a man wielding a sledge-hammer. But his claim to distinction is nail-biting, and in his case at least, it isn't just a bad habit.

© Underwood & Underwood

JACK LONDON once met Richard Harding Davis at a function, and, pointing to the array of medals on Mr. Davis' chest, murmured naively: "Swimming?" This may account for Mr. Davis' reported aversion to Mr. London's fiction, but it does not explain Mr. London's innocence in the matter of what Richard Harding Davis means to war and what war means to Richard Harding Davis. Every one knows that there just could not be a war without Mr. Davis to report it.

"BARON ASTOR of Hever Castle." This is the title that William Waldorf Astor, the American who became an Englishman, worked so hard and so long to get. Had the war not come along, he might have been working for it yet. But a discreet use of his large inherited fortune when English charity needed it most, unravelled the red tape with surprising despatch. His son's wife was Miss Langhorne of Virginia, and some day, thanks to the war, she may be Baroness Astor.

© Underwood & Underwood

TIME war accomplished what Queen Mary's august displeasure was unable to do. It stopped British society from dancing the tango and the turkey trot. Queen Mary fought vigorously against what she termed "negroid horrors and South American orgies" for two years, but society just would not obey her. The moment her back was turned, rugs were pulled up and dukes and duchesses fell into one another's arms to hulahula and castles. This distressed the Queen so that she could not sleep nights. Then the war came, and no one in England has danced since.

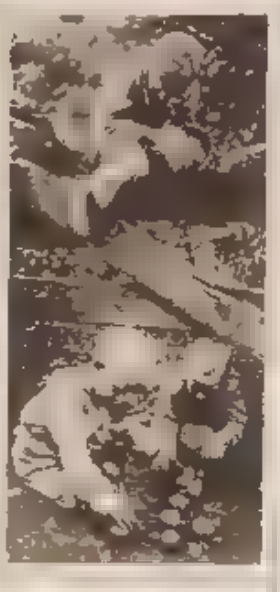
Photograph by Paul Thompson

NOW that Maine and Mississippi and Russia are all in the same class, and water is the national beverage from the Baltic to Siberia, the Russian peasant is learning for the first time one use for an element he had hitherto regarded as valuable only for his annual bath. When the Czar Carrie-nationed the vodka shops at the beginning of the war, there was considerable speculation as to how he was going to get away with it. The war correspondents said that it could not be done, and the Ladies' Temperance Union of Iowa elected him an honorary member of their society. No one dreamed, however, that the Russian peasant would accept the decree with anything like resignation; but this is just what he seems to have done.

What the War Mea

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CONSTANT prayer, with respite only for food and sleep—that is what the war means to the Seven Wise Men of the Home of the Daughters of Israel, New York City. The Wise Men have taken upon themselves the task of praying twelve hours a day for unhappy Europe. They have been praying for a year now, but they are not discouraged. They will pray seventy-seven years, they say, if necessary, even as did Abraham. Four hundred and twenty-nine years is the sum total of their combined ages. Five of the seven are shown in the picture. The patriarch of the group, Wilson Cranberg (at the extreme right), is 106 years old.



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ans to Them

Actors Are Always Being Surprised

The Man in the Stone House

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

It did not take long for Mr. Tinker to spend the fifty ... in the following ...

By half past eleven the returned son of Buxton was as free from financial responsibilities as he had been when he crawled ...

THE only man that had as yet ... thing was a total stranger.

Mr. Tinker felt ... horseshoe ...

... has heard that Walter ... induces his partner to call at Kedbrook's store, ostensibly to buy shoes, but really to learn where the money is kept.

... the Commercial Hotel ...

star of his heritage
he rem
trotter if the ex plos
funny he wa
he said mad "and I
Well, here goes my
His fingers trembled as he opened the
envelop. Then he threw it on the table
with a sigh. I was a blank.
"Hard luck!" commented the operator
briskly. "Any other gent want to try
his luck?"
Mr Tinker fumbled in all the pockets
e and
to the
e by
does seven in a
the listings. It was useless.
Many a Bostonian would lie a dozen
times over dying but the Tinker bright-
ness speedily after a few moments
Suddenly he felt hungry. He thought of
the Continental Hotel, and he set out
for it as fast as he could travel.

ALMOST at the same moment that Mr Tinker was planning his last dollar the envelope, Clint Weatherbee appeared in the kitchen of the hotel roaring
on give that critter
son-of-a-bis-cuit his
noise. The night
utes with the dark stripe," replied Mrs. Weatherbee.
Mr. Weatherbee rested his huge back against the wall and groaned. Then he asked, "Which way has he gone?"
"Why, what's the matter?" asked his wife in return.
"Which way has he gone?" repeated Clint hollowly. "He hasn't been home to dinner"
"How do I know" I haven't been keeping track of him. I guess I got my hands full without that responded Mrs. Weatherbee.
The hotel proprietor stamped out of the room, and, with an ignorance well-fit he had in search of the "critter" that had fallen heir to his extemporized sausage hash.
Mrs. Weatherbee considered that her husband was making a good deal of fuss "over a pair of pants." She did not know that Clint had been surreptitiously handling to those trousers. Clint had not meant that she should know. It was h to nature of a li w private roche. h he was reserving for a celebration at the autumn.
Since Mr Tinker had chosen the main street in his return to he Continental Hotel, and since Mr Weatherbee had chosen the main street to his impetuous flight it was natural that they should soon meet. As a matter of fact, Mr Tinker was in front of he Banner office, Weatherbee was just passing
ne when they

of the huge custom ng figure has informed Mr Tinker that Mr Weatherbee was a

he himself. He stopped short hesitated a moment and then started across the street
"Oh, there!" cried Mr Weatherbee. "You, I mean!"
Mr Tinker now fe perfectly sure that he was the object of the hotel man's haste, and he quickened his steps. Mr Weatherbee likewise quickened his, and struck out obliquely toward the returned Bostonian.
"You wait!" shouted Clint. "I want to see you!"
That was enough for Mr Tinker. He gathered up his corpulent person and ran. Nobody would have suspected that he was capable of such a burst of speed. His short legs moved so rapidly that before Clint was able to attain his own top speed, the flight se ined disappeared down an alleyway at the side of the Tibb Opera, and when the hotel man reached the head of the alley there was nobody in sight.
Mr Clint Weatherbee was perfectly ly quite a out the ruckous. He knew that he had his man in a pocket. There s ce in outlets to the pocket. One

was the rear entrance o Joel Tibb's store, and the other was the main street. On other sides were a high fence and

In one of these sheds were t
wagons. The other shed was usually vacant beneath the upper part being used as a storehouse. But at the present moment there was being stored in this farther shed a great float he was a work in the barn.
The Woman's Auxiliary ha been hard a work on this float for several days. This one was the masterpiece. Upon a wagon only half been with a wide floor, open which has been rigged certain stage

tain John Smith. There was a wigwam for at least the fleeting resemblance of an Indian wigwam and a campfire with an iron pot overhanging it by two forked sticks, and all around the edges trees and bushes had been affixed to represent the primeval forest. Upon his impromptu stage Pocahontas Miss Hel Rikert was going to plead with Powhatan, and a few whites with bell-shaped muskets.

IT was at this stage that Joe Tinker fled. That the presence of such a strange looking wagon startled him was evidenced by the fact that when Clint Weatherbee came panting up, the Bostonian was still staring at the float, open-mouthed.
"Well I got you" bawled Mr Weatherbee in savage triumph.
"What you want to go chasing for?" inquired Joe innocently. "I a tone nothing
"What you want to run f
was he snorkling queer?
Well, I didn't know but the heat might have affected you," Joe offered simply.
Weatherbee bellowed at this. Then he said "I want them pants!"
"What pants?" replied Joe Tinker, looking around, ingenuously to search of a possible bus referred to
"Oh, you know wh
the hotel man
you got on
His manner was so appalling that Mr Tinker shrank back against the side of the shed.
"You gave em to me!" he cried. "Mr. Sharr he sai
"I don't care what any body says," interrupted the wrathful Weatherbee. "Off with 'em or I'll break every bone in your body! If what I'm looking for is still in the vest have not back. If it
e, you'll never get
e
"There ought be ladies around," sparred

Don't you worry Come off with 'em"
Joe Tinker's eyes sought a possible escape, a possible weapon, a possible something with which to stun at his assailant. There was no escape and no weapon. He began shedding he ex-Weatherbee coat very slow y
"Quick!" yelled Clint
The coat slid off in a hurry. A moment afterward s he seized the trousers from Joe, and with trembling fingers went straight to the little watch-pocket where his private savings had been reinvested. He inserted his fingers inside and pulled the lining out. There was nothing here. He went through he other pockets with no better luck
"Who you done with that money" he asked hoarsely. "What you done with it I say?"
"Money" I don't own no money" replied Joe Tinker. "Was here money in the pants?"
"There was a hundred and sixty-three
I paid
for here man. You stole it
"A hundred and sixty-three dollars!" repeated Joe Tinker, with a strange sink-

ing at he heart he made his di tors to his present situation of danger. "How did I ever start
thinking to himself
As a no er of fact
mistake. It said noth
part of he hotel man to surprise
pet into confidences. But it failed as

Mr. Tinker almost unhappy in the relief the situation to had just the e he hundred
hundred and sixty-three dollars again repeated Tinker. "In them pants" ly musing
I'll show you never whether I'm jok ing or not before I get through with you, replied Clint. "I a customer who's good for the other suit. "I'll teach

"I passed it unnoticed" he ma ress "Say they're coming down here"
It was a group from he Woman's Auxiliary coming for the float. There was a hay with a pair of horses following behi hem.
In his ex cement
Weatherbee
bloodhound just seeking f
a place to git
There were stalls on hinges for the purpose of enabling the loft but these had been hooked to the ceiling of the shed to economize space, and could be unhooked only by using a ladder
There was just one place for Mr Tinker to go, and he got here in a hurry. And just as he got inside he wagon on the Weatherbee with its trousers under his coat stopped forth from the shed and said reverently "Law d'ye-no, ladies" I never dreamt how looking at your flow
"Do we look want everybody looking
rubbed nine of he women indig-

"I didn't you" replied Clint, who was always disabled in the presence of females other than his wife I pologize. I didn't know
"Well, do run along now he was told and the woman who spoke last said he had a
"Hurry
them. We've got to be in front of the Congregational parsonage a three o'clock

The members of he Auxiliary having given their orders, prevailed the float out of the alley. Mr Weatherbee watched the lag wagon go, not knowing exactly what to do. Half way up the alley he saw

moved. Has the rear end it
saw, was being raised. An

plating with a hand over the missing
trousers.
The float rattled onward. Mr Tinker pestered at dutifully. But suddenly the laugh of his pursuer ceased and Mr Weatherbee's rising pitch gall. He shook his head bitterly and retreated

"Does he wear those hats" interrupted Clint "I'll teach him to go scribbling folks"
He rolled the trousers up in a ball and hurled them into the swiftly flowing river.

"HURRY up, Lou" Miss Katherine Burbridge was saying, about half past two. "We don't want to miss a single bit of that parade. I know it's going to be just the funniest thing we ever saw. Helen Risher is going to be Pocahontas. She's going to plead for the life of John Smith. If Mr Smith had ever seen her he'd have told the Indians to go ahead an put him out of his misery."
They might have taken a short cut from Mr Crumble's over to the Congregational parsonage, where the floats were to ou Miss Burbridge has another
She led ouise Searles down the main street to the Banner office. The office was closed as by agreem
in the business places in the afternoon, but the sign announcing the standing of the contestants o run so far a loving-cup was s

STANDIN F THE CONTEST
To midnight Jan. 1st

Caroline Starr
Dr Melville
Joel Tibb
Ezra Miller

Mr Treadway had been

any only to
vote for Miss, or whether Mr Treadway himself had issued the vote as a choice of office humor nobody knew. At an rate, Hostetaines never failed o stand he do tolled indeed and give voice the cheers.
ou to join us! Ezra s name
The old standin and for

WALTER EADBROOK

by a long by margin. The only other woman that might J Dreadful Starr. There was a feeling half a mile apparently heable, why he chose
much for Miss in, about he honored by
the other
here was a strong sen hich in favor of Walter Eadbrook, especially since he was known to be cherishing an inner

Walter's afraid," Katherine whispered
"Yes, replied Louise Searles rather faintly. Her face was pallid and her breath, in spite of obvious efforts of self-
control, came in jerks
"And if he should win, I think I know s going to be his queen. worst on having squeezing her companion's

no I couldn't if you mean me

cried was the retort
know perfectly well he's head over
in love with you What difference

we're going to win. I have reason to
I can't tell you how I know but
So you'd better be getting
just as excited

honey, as if t was going to be myself This Starr person is a dear Lou. This of his coming right out and saying that here realize his friends would vote for Wilcox! I could not help him you know who I mean. He's so different from the rest of us, and calm and resourceful and brave

two young women as they stood in front of the ce mbet is seated. Katherine straightened to her tall, ripe hea clasped her companion a white hand s

trembling about the other woman's, seemed to shelter her little, girlish figure under the protecting w ng. And her eyes, when they looked up into Katherine's, were inviting with a trustfulness and wistful

without a confidant to whom she could

and Louise. "I never
loved you

"Do you think he'll succeed?" asked Louise.
"Lou," replied the other young woman, "did you ever see anyone get bloodunt of a

Continued on page 17

April in the Skylight

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

M
house was murmuring And found April sitting on the top step

April was eight years old then, and dated to the fuzzy sleeve of her coat was a rose n s she hand or nursing here. he care of great Miss Pickens, who kept a theatrical boarding-house on West Forty-eth street

April was eighteen now, a slim, dark-yed girl, as fresh as if she had lived her life in some fragrant meadow instead of in the murky atmosphere of the Thespian

[illegible] boarders

[illegible] the beds
the rugs, answered t [illegible] elephone and door-bell, ate what he boarders left, wore what the boarders gave her and slept at the tip-top of the faded brown-stone boarding-house, in a small round room with no windows and with a sky light in the center of the ceiling. Her mattress was stored y under the skylight On four nights she could see stars shining

[illegible] stormy nights she could study a parch
P jetty black, when the moon shone
on her face and whe
nights, the skylight
bored serenely under a broken umbrella

Perhaps it was because April's room had no windows and only a
heaven, because she could not look out over the city, that she knew nothing about the city's iniquities.

At four o'clock every day April passed through the house with a batch of face-towels over her left shoulder and a batch of hand-towels over her right shoulder to knock on the doors of the rooms

( )

[illegible] of spring
ril broke her ear of "towels" with a shiver of song. She did not
about singing, but her voi
full of spring-time sap that Joan Clan, the dancer in the second-floor front, span the slim owl-lawyer a bonbon and
nia and Meek eccentric comedians in the second-floor back, paused in their melancholy slap-stick rehearsing and Cleo de Milo, the stock actress in the second-floor hall room, wearily confided to April how homesick spring made her and on the third floor, Monica Trillich "the California nightingale" and Edwin Mellish, the old character actor and Hannah and Ben Hague, the motion-pic ture players, propped their doors open

Chubby Dyke, scenario and hack writer on the fourth-floor back, did not stop his zip-zapping typewriter as she came in to get on his dog-skin.

But Cliff Rollingsford, the big, threadbare young play wright in the fourth-floor hall room, called out: "April, if I could catch the spirit of your song in my play I'd have New York weeping

"Who" asked April, hanging his cre-ds over the curb on his washstand. "I'm not singing anything sad
yough April, answered

He looked from his flimsy writing-table ou of the window at the new-washed houses and-eaps a wanton starling-flut a portion of a huge theatrical poster and a smoky skulking cat. "Look how old

[illegible] sunset lays a fee
[illegible] streets, new to, and washed
fifty-odd with my pockets full of
[illegible] thought a thin ago"

"You're not going to make another copy of your play are you?" asked April

[illegible] where near fifty
she said ruefully

That s true." His face lightened Neither will you be, April. What would you think of me w th my pockets full of
[illegible] noise with black ribbon tv
sewed
and [illegible] ed?" His

[illegible] ve boarders
[illegible] ith the beds
the rugs, answered t [illegible] elephone and door-bell, ate what he boarders left, wore what the boarders gave her and slept at the tip-top of the faded brown-stone boarding-house, in a small round room with no windows and with a sky light in the center of the ceiling. Her mattress was stored y under the skylight On four nights she could see stars shining

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"Your play is worth work ng
I s [illegible] darlo, a million times
"I'm trying to do a big thing" he a
swered tensely. He looked at the
manuscript on his table. "I've been writ-
ng my play for the last four years, and
I won't quit until I catch the thing I'm trying

He stood up and l
window-sash over
to catch the cooling
drip, bared it, and gave it a n al
to the public." he dreamed. "I want a
drama to go like shrieking fire-engines
the human freaks that half stung to ou -
of-the-way places, the winds a Twenty-
third Street. he stone that are found on
the rivers. he rubbish that are found on
church steps, the windows whose secrets
are shuttered by broken blinds, he soap-
stained windows, behind which love exists as normally as in a village—

"You re doing it," said April, sid-
sided, and stepping to
[illegible] ded up several pages. "I d
[illegible] he
I talked it over with Chub
Dyke, and he made some suggestions
Won to hear April"

"Yes," she said, she knew his play by

She told the scene rapidly, backed up by he bogusy and sweep of his idea
I ve caught the thing I m aft
erwa The end is wish He sank he
pages back on the bed
pensively across the
"April," he said

[illegible] lifted her face with eyes and lips
[illegible] mi of astonishment
he said, in his
voice
"I don see why [illegible] in glad," whis-
pered April
"We'll have a honeymoon in Bermuda.
he interrupted, with h eyes on his play.
"My youth has been a h [illegible] pri.
Nothing [illegible] and unworthy
[illegible] ering me it on a high
[illegible] gland," she repeated, and s

APRIL ran downstairs to the back parlor and straight to Miss Pickens. She and she only mother she had known what Cliff Rollingsford had said to her and how glad she was.

Miss Pickens before her fosterchild with a pair of very small, very sharp eyes, and drew herself up to her height (not just escaped six feet. Miss Pickens had a face that was too long for even her long neck.

She sometimes wabbled with
over he fall

"Remember," said h
easy o swallow and h

April looked at herself in the mirror in

[illegible] invited to velvet-brown
young playwright had lived in the fourth-
floor hall room for f v years, and for five years April had brought up his towels,

[illegible] me?" she questioned
"It s your eyes," said Miss
You get them from your father
"My father" repeated April, her face brightening. April had picked up a particular star that shone down on her through the skylight and has said t

[illegible] a fine nobleman and has a list of wa
es as long
Pickens walked over to the fo
up-bed, he sat down felt under his

[illegible] s tell you about your fa her and your
mother and about myself. Sit down and listen to me. When you've heard me
[illegible] t talk about being glad. Go
your current-bones and thank the Lord that you have me to take care of you and that you don t have to look to

She stirred the faded coal and from the top of the box took a photograph of a with a board

"Your father," said Miss Pickens w h her plain wedding, "was Professor Ben Ross, a hypnotist"

April took the photograph and kissed it. "I remember him," she sa
[illegible] s eyes are the sort you can t forget," conceded Miss Pickens briefly. She took from the box some newspaper clippings

"These are in press notices. They date from many years ago to the time he left the platform and became a professor of Soul Thought and Soul Control. He was a good hypnotist. He could make people look anything, and he has become popu-
[illegible] as a mental healer. This is his advertisement in the papers." She indicated
[illegible] of typing

HER hand went into the box again and drew out a veil with orange blossoms.

"I bought this veil to be married in," she went on, not looking at. "Needless to say, I never wore it. Your father was my one romance and I hope I never has another." She laid the veil aside and

[illegible] elbows
[illegible] mantle here or one wa
his board till stand. I said I would marry him, knowing he was simply after my prosperous boarding-house business.

"Then a girl named Maizie Light from up-State came to go on the stage. She boarded here, in my skylight Maizie was a doll with no w s. Your father married Maizie. They were married on All Fools' day in the Little Church Around the Corner. They went the road and Maizie was his leading lady in his hypnotic ac.

"The next thing I heard, you were
[illegible] d Maizie was dead. The
knew you were sitting on my

[illegible] though he is now a popular professor with plen if money. I have taken care of you, and I will go on taking care of

Miss Pickens pu he photograph, clip-pings and wedding veil back into the box

Out in the hall, the elephone rang April went to answer it. Somebod wanted Chubby Dyke on the wire

April went up to the fourth-floor back to get him. Chubby Dyke was not there, so she went along the hall to Cliff Ro lingsford's room. Dyke spent a good [illegible] of [illegible] nking and talking over the

[illegible] the fire, the
[illegible] re the private affa
Rolwyn w th the glow of emotion on his face. His tongue plunged four words and before he knew it he was talking like a blue streak. He talked orderly brilliant y never stopping giving the man he was speaking to to stem he onrush. When the a ssistants of the office was charged with the electro-
[illegible] he said his play before the man he has picked out to bestow the gift upon

Oscar Belwyn was tapping his desk w th his pencil. His face was immobile. He gave the [illegible] clear-cut manuscript a

"It sometimes happens," he said in a non-committal voice, "that a new idea rules a mental circle— it is merely a cust-

... who matures at first ...

a remarkable play. You must not take it too hardly—such things are happening every day. Just a month ago I accepted from a man who had never written a line before in his life a drama along practically the same lines as yours ... the same set of characters ...

... of the month.

Cliff stared at ... Why ... Why—My God!" he stuttered. "That's ...

... said Belwyn courteously, "but I fear the ... is along the same lines as the ... we have in rehearsal. As I said ... Hollingsford, the mental circle ... phenomenon ... is merely a ...

... Cliff spluttered and struck out sparks. "You say—the same plot"—"characters"—"idea"—Why—impossible, Mr. Belwyn."

"Have you peddled your play around?" asked Belwyn. "Or talked about it? Exposed it in any of the clubs or offices?"

"No. I've been ...

... along identically the same ...

... been really ...

"Who wrote it?"

"Why, I put the man who first submitted ... into instant touch with a well known playwright, who whipped it into shape. It was copyrighted under the ... name of course. I wouldn't bargain ... self up over it, Mr. ...

... Cliff's play ... his desk. "I'll read ... promised again. "There ... in it ... dialogue. But unfortunately, the play we have in rehearsal bears ... any production of yours. It is too bad, Mr. Hollingsford. Try again. And next time test other minds with it on the development of your idea. Standing it together bring it to me in any old form."

THE threadbare young playwright stooped and picked up his manuscript from the wire basket. ... he said ... He put the bulk of ... arm and walked out of ...

By the time he reached the boarding-house he was affected ...

April was waiting for him in the lower hall. He looked at her and heard himself groan. He ascended the hall flight ... his hand on the banister ...

"Put down April."

He was standing by his window staring at the view of scarred houses ... poster ... April picked it up ... it on his writing table.

He gave her a dead smile. "Thanks," he repeated. "I'm along, April."

... through the cloth, the quicksilver from ... his voice ... arms and held her close to him. The awkwardness of his strain ...

"Don't lose hope," said April.

He put her hands to each side of his head.

"It's gone," he muttered.

"It will come back," she whispered.

"It can't come back."

"Everything can come back.

"It will come back. Tell ...

"A month ago Belwyn accepted a ...

"Take yours to another manager."

"No use. Belwyn's ... the ...

... could ... used yours?"

"It's the same plot, character ...

"The same." Her eyes dilated ... could he do?"

"I don't know. Belwyn calls it ... phenomenon of the mental circle. Some other fellow has written the same play, and beat me to it. Belwyn wanted to read my manuscript—what was the use ... He told me he'd be glad to see anything else I did. ... I'll be fifty-odd, April, and ...

... the play is yours."

Four years gone to smash! Throw the mess into the garbage can ... permeated ... Cliff.

Neither can I—don't let's try to. There's only one thing to do—buck up, go back to the old jobs, and begin a new ...

I'll bring you up some lunch," said ...

... to take his chin for a ... men against her face. "It's all in the game, April ... but waiting is—hard."

Her hand went up to his face and touched it with a gesture that betrayed her own disappointment.

APRIL went downstairs with a slow step. For a second or two she stood in the murky basement hall. Then she went out to the area. In the area ... a tray ... her hand into the ... Annabel ... put her hand in the can again ... rummaged through the can until found what she wanted.

In the gray stone ledge of the areaway she put several jagged pieces of paper together like a picture puzzle, and attentively pored over them.

She called Miss Pickens to ... the area.

"Look," she said, pointing to the paper she had pieced together. "I saw ... basket from the fourth ... emptied the basket th...

Miss Pickens ... puzzled ...

"When Cliff took his play to a manager this morning he was told that another man had written the same play and got in ahead of him," said April.

"I never did like that little cat Dyke," snapped Miss Pickens.

April looked at her questioningly at Miss Pickens. "Could a man pretend to ... his ...

... the play thing," replied ...

April picked up the pieces of paper from the ledge of the area. "What ... Cliff do about it?" she said with difficulty.

With no money, there's not much to do," responded Miss Pickens.

April put the pieces of the play into the pocket of her blouse. Slowly she went into the house and up to the fourth-floor back where Chubby Dyke's zip-zapping typewriter had been working overtime for the last ... month ...

CHUBBY DYKE answered her knock with a brisk "Come in."

He was seated at his typewriter, working rapidly with a ruler a...

She looked at him intently. Chubby turned in his chair and ... her gaze.

The eyes she had inherited from her father deepened ... a fixed regard of him. Chubby's glance shifted. He ruled in a ... paper under his eyes.

... "Cliff took his ... between the ... Mr. Dyke ... did?" answered Chubby, ... ruling in and her ...

"Between old Cliff ... another man had got in ahead of him." April's voice ...

"Is that so?" Chubby's downward glance was sympathetic.

"Do you know anything about it?" asked April, holding him with her ...

"I can't say that I do," smiled back Chubby.

April took the scraps of torn paper ... pocket of her blouse and laid ... "These ...

If you do know anything ... Dyke, won't you please say so?"

"If I did know ...," answered Chubby ... of paper.

"You and I and Miss Pickens are the only ones who heard his play," said April. "It isn't an ordinary play that anybody might have thought of."

"There's nothing new under the sun ... in his easy-going voice ...

"April, if my play is a go ... can marry me!"

Miss Pickens ...

... a scene from a play," she said.

April nodded.

"You found it in the basket from the fourth-floor back?" inquired ...

His glance went down again before her ... he picked up a penknife and began to sharpen his pencil.

"Cliff did not write it easily, and he can't write another like it easily," put ... April. "Sometimes he worked ... over a scene and then threw ...

... to work that way ... wagging his pencil ... That fellow has the ... all right, but he needs a jolt ... This is the age when the hare wins over the tortoise."

April's face went white. "Could a man pretend to be another man's friend and really steal from him?" she asked, with short ... breath.

"I'm not a propounder of riddles," answered Chubby. He drew a line on the stage diagram he was making, and ... his furry head on one side for a ...

Chubby picked ... from his typewriter stand and cut another square of paper.

"Yet I believe ...," said April.

Chubby grinned. "If it were true, what could ... do, my dear? The fellow has no ... to make a fuss with."

April turned and left the room ...

THAT night she stared through the open skylight with troubled eyes at the star she called her father.

Suddenly it gave a wink and disappeared behind a cloud in such a merrily hypnotic fashion that somehow April was able to go to sleep in her cot ...

On the evening of the next day a legal-looking communication came for Miss Pickens in the six o'clock mail. April took it from the postman with the usual hodge-podge of tinted letters and theatrical mail for the roomers.

Miss Pickens and several of the boarders ... the dining-room, beginning dinner, when April distributed the mail ... Class, the dancer, read her postcard and spun it aside. Chubby ...

... Hyams, of Hyams ... concealed an offer ... on big time from Mock ... the old character actor, read with enjoyment a letter from his grandchild.

Miss Pickens perused the ... gave a slight sigh, and fainted ...

... evening paper. Joan Class held smelling salts under her nose ... sopped her temples with ice water. April knelt and kissed the small, sharp eyes back to consciousness.

Then wobbling, Miss Pickens told April ...

... equally divided between Camille Pickens, his friend, and April Dolt, his daughter.

With her eyes like stars, April flew up to the fourth-floor hall room. Her knock on Cliff's door summoned him to affable and light ...

... over in his voice ... the voice fell astonished ...

The Man in the Stone House

Continued from page 14

turnip? Haven't you lived here long enough—"

"There's the band playing," exclaimed Lottie, with a sigh of relief.

"We'll have to hurry!" replied Miss Burbridge; and they scampered away, hand in hand, like two school-girls.

Part of the parade was already on the move when Miss Helen Bisbee, correctly garbed in the costume of a lady aborigine, came out of the parsonage and was assisted to her place on the float by the youth who had been stationed outside to keep the younger fry from clambering all over the primeval scenery.

For thirty-five mortal minutes Mr. Joe Tinker had been writhing in agony inside the wigwam. It was a hot day, and the hottest possible place on a hot day is inside a conical khaki tent that has no opening to the air except a sky-hole at the top. Every few moments Mr. Tinker had cautiously raised the bottom a half inch and peered out. But there had never been any opportunity of escape. Near voices told him, each time, that the vicinity was well stocked with spectators.

And now, when he heard the voice of Miss Bisbee at his elbow, even perceived the rustle of her tribal garments against the khaki, he felt that the crucial moment of his life had come.

He made up his mind that it was unsafe to wait for more company. He got down on his hands and knees, raised the bottom of the tepee slightly on the side toward Miss Bisbee, and politely coughed. He could just see the tops of the lady's moccasins. The cough attracted Pocahontas's attention, and she looked around. Just as she was examining the visionage, she saw a group of four fingers, accompanied by a thumb, slide out from beneath the tepee, and she heard a strange voice say: "Excuse me, lady; it ain't my fault; my pants has been stole!"

The body of Miss Bisbee became suddenly rigid, and with a shrill cry she collapsed. As she fell to the floor of the float Mr. Tinker uttered a stifled groan, hooked his fingers into an Indian blanket that had been carried by Miss Bisbee, and quickly coiled it about his person.

With astonishment that rendered them helpless, the other actors, huddled on the sidewalk, saw the tepee suddenly rise into the air and topple into the street. At the same time they saw the figure of a corpulent man slip from the end of the wagon and scud away. He was clinging with one hand to the Indian blanket; in the other he had his hat.

Two more lady Indians collapsed on the sidewalk. A great shout went up from the younger fry. They saw the fleeing figure trip on the hanging end of the blanket and go sprawling in the dusty road; they saw him pick himself up and press forward.

RAIN.

Rain dripping from the eaves; rain pattering on the roofs; rain beating against the windows; rain forcing its way into every crevice; rivulets coursing down the gutters; and over all a hopeless leaden sky, portent of more rain.

The hikers over in the Coppins lot were huddled in their scant shelters, grumbling, wishing themselves home, cursing Boston and Boston weather, and their luck. The ground was sodden, and breathed a yeasty odor, and sucked spongily at the foot.

Over in the *Banner* office, Henry Treadway, as soon as the first grays shafts of rainy dawn came in the window, turned off the lights and stretched himself. He went to the window and pressed his nose thoughtfully against the pane. He had been all night in the office, without a wink of sleep.

All night long, while other people (except the constable) had been decently in their beds, Mr. Treadway had been sitting with aching back at the long table in his office, counting and tabulating the votes that were to elect the most popular man in Boston. Many a time, during the night, he consigned, so far as a deacon in the church could sinlessly consign, the votes and the voters and the voteds—to the bow-wows. He had had no idea that there was so much work and worry involved in a contest like this. And he had had no idea that there would be such an avalanche of votes thrown into the polls on the last night.

At half past seven Mrs. Treadway appeared with a fine warm breakfast, and also with some maddening sympathy, unrelished by the tired Mr. Treadway.

"Who won, Henry?" asked Mrs. Treadway, as she rose to depart.

"I can't tell you. There's a few votes more to count."

"But you must know by this time."

"Run along, now," replied Mr. Treadway. "I wouldn't tell anybody, even if I knew. Go on, now, and leave me alone."

"Bite off my head!" said Mrs. Treadway indignantly. "That's what I get for fixing a nice breakfast and coming down here in the rain with it."

Mr. Treadway shrugged his shoulders and sank his teeth vindictively into a slice of buttered toast.

AT half past eight the door of the *Banner* office opened again, and Starr and Joel Tibb came in. In reply to their greetings Mr. Treadway grunted sourly.

"Don't you feel chipper this morning?" asked Joel.

"No, I don't. Do you?" was the reply.

"Why, I feel well enough," said Joel—more for the sake, however, of convincing himself than of convincing Henry. Then he added, looking at Starr out of the corner of his eye: "Well, I suppose *somebody's* the most popular man in Boston. Don't be scared, Henry; we didn't come over here to pump you about that; we just sort of thought we'd drop over to see you. It looks like it's going to be a rotten day. I said you, Mr. Starr, that we had rotten weather in Boston sometimes."

"I'm an optimist, Joel," replied Starr. "We've had pretty fine weather up to yesterday. Of course, 'twould have been better to have the whole week fine; but there are compensations."

"Well, what are they?" growled Mr. Treadway.

Starr laughed. "I don't know," he admitted. "That's for us mortals to find out."

Starr walked around the office awhile, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Then he asked:

"Say, Henry, what do you think of our old-homer, Mr. Tinker?"

"If I had my way I'd take that hoke to the town line and boot him across," responded Mr. Treadway. "Thank heaven, I had no part in planting him in the hotel at the town's expense! You remember, I said at the time—"

"Come on, Joel," interrupted Starr. "The editor is in a bad humor this morning. We've no business in his sanctum, anyway."

As they were leaving, he called back:

"I suppose you'll be pretty busy to-day, Henry. Well, there won't be anything doing till the meeting at Town Hall to-night. There'll be a big crowd there, rain or no rain. The town's pretty well worked up over your voting contest. See you later."

After the men had gone, Mr. Treadway looked out the window and groaned.

"Pretty well worked up, are they?" he said to himself.

And then he uttered the first deliberately profane word of his descendhood. He drew in a long breath, and said it with malice aforethought. He knew it was wrong to say it, but he had reached that frame of mind where he gloried in the wrongness of it. He almost shouted:

"Damn the whole damn business!"

And the profanity so relaxed his nervous tension that he actually burst into tears.

STARR was correct. The town was considerably worked up over the *Banner* voting contest.

Immediately after supper the doors of the Town Hall were thrown open, and the janitor started light wood fires in the two big stoves, one on each side, to take off the dampness of the musty-smelling building. Soon afterward people began to stroll in, in quest of the best seats.

On the platform, in a corner, was a table on which rested, surrounded by bouquets of wild flowers, the big silver loving-cup, symbol of the love and esteem in which was held by the people of Boston a certain Bostonian as yet unknown to anybody save the editor of the *Banner*.

Upon the right side of the platform was a large blackboard with five names inscribed upon it, as follows:

Walter Eadbrook .....
J. Bradlee Starr .....
DeWitt Melville .....
Joel Tibb .....
Ezra Mudge .....

At eight o'clock the Town Hall was so crowded that it was considered expedient to station the constable at the main door, with instructions to admit only official personages or influential citizens who might be able to cause more trouble by being kept out than by being jammed in.

A band—even the worst possible of all bands—knows by long experience just what music it is supposed to play on such occasions. It serves as an indicator of public estimation. For instance, when J. Bradlee Starr came down the main aisle and climbed upon the platform, the band burst forth with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The audience replied vociferously that he was a jolly good fellow.

And, for another instance, when Walter Eadbrook came down the aisle looking considerably down in the mouth, it was remarked), the band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!"—and this was well reciprocated by the audience.

"He's got it clinched!" whispered many men to their neighbors. "Eadbrook's elected, as sure as you live. I voted for him."

EZRA MUDGE'S name at the foot of the column was the object of merriment. It was understood perfectly that at the crucial moment Henry Treadway was going to chalk down after Ezra's name a large figure 1. Louise Searles, sitting beside her friend Katherine Burbridge, well back in the rear of the hall, was divided between two opposite sensations. With a firmness about the mouth, she had whispered: "I think it's outrageous for Henry Treadway to put my father's name on that board. It's just the only way he knows of to insult him. I'll never speak to him again, never!"

But at the very next moment she was torn from that reflection by hearing Eadbrook's name shouted thunderingly; and she could not resist clapping her hands with the others when she heard: "He's all right! Who's all right? *Eadbrook!*"

"Oh!" murmured Louise, snuggling against her companion. "Hear them, Katherine! They—like—him—don't they?"

"He's got it nailed down, Louise," whispered Miss Burbridge. "There's nothing to it. Hurrah for Walter!"

The advent of Henry Treadway was the signal for another outburst. The audience began to sing cheerfully: "*He's* the greatest man you ever knew—"

But if Henry Treadway was the greatest man they had ever known, he did not, at the moment, look it. He looked like a man destined soon to pass from the sight of mortal eyes. His sleepless night, and the obvious agitation that had built of him, and his natural timidity in the presence of a crowd, and whatever else was weighing upon his mind, contrived to make him a haggard and uninspiring figure. In one hand he carried a reporter's note-book, and in the other a signed statement, sworn to before a notary five minutes before, that "the counting of votes had resulted," etc. Henry meant to be on the safe side.

Mr. Treadway wildly stared at the faces before him for a moment; then he laid the documents on the table with the loving-cup, and ran his right hand through his hair.

There was a moment of agonizing silence. The mouths of the spectators were framed in sympathetic attitudes, waiting. A dropped penny would have rung through the hall like a gong. And then, before the words came, there was a hubbub at the door.

Somebody began shouting, "Keep 'em out!" Somebody was bawling, "No, let 'em in!" But a thin, acid voice dominated all the rest. It punctured the atmosphere like a Mauser bullet and brought half the crowd off their chairs. And then the news ran like fire through the packed audience: "Ezra Mudge!"

It seemed that, for an instant, the constable had barred the entrance of Ezra and his companion, the faithful Dr. Crumb. But it was only for an instant. The old man had wilted the doorkeeper with one of his old-time domineering glances. He came in.

And Ezra not only came in—he said sternly to those in front of him: "Make way, there!" And they made way. The moment the two old men passed through the standing crowd into the aisle between the seats, two men rose quickly and offered their chairs. One of them was John Wilbur, former selectman, and unwavering in his fidelity to Ezra. The whole transaction was over so quickly that it seemed prearranged.

MOST eyes were fixed upon the grim, self-satisfied visage of Ezra. He appeared abundantly well. He sat upright in his chair, gripping his cane in his two hands and looking up expectantly at Henry Treadway. He seemed to be utterly unconscious of the fact that his sudden appearance was anything out of the ordinary.

But Henry Treadway, on the platform, went as white as paper. He turned to Starr and gave him an appealing glance.

Starr, understanding the meaning of that glance, was at the editor's side in an instant, whispering, "What's wrong, Henry?"

"I can't go on, Mr. Starr," replied Treadway hollowly. "I'm a sick man. I feel like I was going to faint. It's all written down *here*."

He took the paper from the table and thrust it into Starr's hand.

Without a moment's hesitation, Starr stepped to the edge of the platform and held up his hand. There was a hush. Then he said:

"My friends, I wish to ask your indulgence in behalf of Mr. Treadway. He is overworked, and unable to proceed. I have here in my hand the result of the voting contest. I will ask Mr. Bisbee to read it to you, and Mr. Edmonds to chalk down the figures as they are read."

Mr. Bisbee stepped forward with alacrity and read in a powerful voice:

"This is to certify that I, Henry Treadway, have counted the votes in the *Banner* contest, and find the result to be as follows:

"Walter Eadbrook, 11,991."

He paused to let the announcement sink in. There were deafening shouts, that died out quickly as the announcer was seen to continue:

"J. Bradlee Starr, 9,000."

A smile came upon Starr's face. He reached over and grasped Eadbrook by the hand, and the crowd was in an uproar again.

"Joel Tibb, 1,000.

"Dr. Melville, 301."

Complimentary cheers were freely awarded Messrs. Tibb and Melville, neither of whom seemed to be disappointed with their humble tokens of popularity.

Few persons observed that Mr. Bisbee suddenly brought the paper from which he was reading up toward his eyes with a jerk, and that he underwent something like a galvanic shock. He turned from the paper to the man behind him, and his eye sought Henry Treadway. Failing to see him, he paused for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders, held up his hand, and fairly shouted:

"Ezra Mudge, 15,001! Ezra Mudge is therefore elected.

"Sworn to and witnessed before me this

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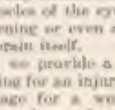

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dar and the tellers deposited in my hands for inspection.

"ELISHA WESTON, *Notary Public.*"

Mr. Edmonds, chalk in hand, had mechanically started to write the figures 15,001 on the blackboard, when he turned and shouted: "Who was that, Will?"

"That's what this paper says," replied Will Bisbee doggedly, as if he felt the necessity of dodging the blame. "I'm reading what it says right here: '*Ezra Mudge*, 15,001. *Therefore elected.*'"

Starr had risen from his seat. He reached mechanically for the paper, and Will Bisbee, just as mechanically, passed it over to him. The crowd was shouting: "Fake! Fake!"

"Let Starr read it! You're all balled up, Will!" somebody shouted.

One glance at the paper was enough to convince Starr that something extraordinary had taken place. He saw why it was that Henry Treadway had been taken ill. He looked down upon the frenzied crowd below, and, as he let his gaze go around the quarter circle, it met the eyes of Ezra Mudge, sitting like a stone image, his hands on the top of his cane. He saw in that steady regard of Ezra all the covert triumph that lay in the grey eyes.

It was a challenge to Starr, and he knew it. There suddenly came back into his mind the evening at Ezra's house, and the challenge he himself had thrown down to the old man upon parting. Well, the old man had taken it up!

STARR threw back his shoulders and drew a long breath.

"Order!" he cried at the top of his voice.

"I find," he announced, in his most ringing tones, "that our fellow townsman, Mr. Ezra Mudge, has been given 15,001 votes—by his fellow citizens—and is therefore elected the *most popular man in Boston.*"

"No! Fake!" bawled a score of demurring voices.

"It is not a fake!" shot back Starr. "Permit me to say that that word is *out of order.* There is no reason to doubt these figures. They are properly sworn to. If Ezra Mudge is in the audience, will he kindly step forward?"

Of course, Starr knew very well that Mr. Ezra Mudge was in the audience; but he was dealing with him as one stranger with another.

There was a low gasp as Ezra Mudge rose and strode down the aisle. He never had seemed so magnificently erect and dignified as at this moment. As he neared the base of the platform—the very spot, indeed, where he had suffered humiliation at the hands of Clint Weatherbee not long before—Starr bowed politely and beckoned him up the little flight of steps.

There was absolute silence in the hall. If it was a farce that was being enacted, nobody seemed to realize it.

Ezra Mudge was on the platform at last. He stood facing Starr. They were close enough to "wrassle," as somebody remarked afterward. Without a sign of emotion, Starr took from the table the silver cup, held it lovingly a moment, and then spoke:

"Mr. Mudge, I have the honor to present you (facing for Mr. Treadway) this beautiful loving-cup, which is yours by virtue of being elected, in a voting contest, the *most popular man in Boston.* You will find inscribed upon it certain words that indicate that it is a token of the love and respect in which you are held by your fellow citizens. I felicitate you on the victory. I wish you much joy with your prize."

Starr knew that the underlying irony of his speech would not be lost on the old man. And it was not. But if Starr had hoped for any visible effect, he was disillusioned.

Mr. Mudge cleared his throat and replied, in a voice that etched itself upon the memory of his hearers:

"My friends, I thank you for this honor. It was entirely unexpected. Though I was away from my native place in the body, evidently I was with you in the spirit. That is a beautiful thing. I am no hand at speaking. But *you understand, all right.*"

A dull smile came into the corners of Starr's mouth. He turned swiftly to Joel Tibb, who was staring at the proceedings like a paralytic, and whispered, "Daggone if he ain't a corker!"

And when Ezra finished, and had turned to leave the platform, Starr detained him, saying:

"Mr. Mudge, there is another honor awaiting you, I believe. According to the terms of the contest, the winner is declared King of the Carnival, and is supposed to choose his Queen from among the ladies of Boston. The King and Queen are then to ride through the town, accompanied by the loyal subjects. Weather permitting, this pretty ceremony will be held to-morrow. Perhaps you would like time to make your choice?"

"No," replied Ezra, like a flash; "I don't need any time. My Queen is the woman that's stood by me these fifty-odd years—my wife Lyddy. If you want me to choose a Queen—that's who I choose."

There was a moment of tense silence, and then the old New England spirit that, with all its faults, still acknowledges the dues of the victor, and pays tribute to the superior man even when it hurts—the old spirit asserted itself. The name of Aunt Lyddy Mudge, who had not an enemy in the world, clinched the business.

With one accord the crowd let loose its pent-up feelings. It cheered itself hoarse, invoking indiscriminately the names of Ezra and Starr and Eastbrook and Joel Tibb. It cheered and stamped for everybody, and then cheered and stamped and whistled for itself.

Starr announced: "There seems to be no further business—"

He might have saved himself the trouble. The crowd knew perfectly well that the business was done. They were moving toward the door.

FOR a moment—just for a fleeting moment—Starr's eyes met those of Ezra Mudge before they parted. Not a word was said. But in that brief space each man was surprised to find that there was something in his feelings toward the other that was not unfriendly—that was even generously appreciative.

"What do you think now?" said Ezra's eyes.

"My turn next," answered Starr's.

And then they went their ways.

To be continued next week

Curing Sickness with Eye-Glasses

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Author of "Side-Stepping Ill Health," etc.

UP to within a few weeks ago, had any one told me that with eye-glasses they not only could but did cure cases of goiter—some of which had even been operated upon without relief—and any number of diabetic, kidney, and high blood-pressure conditions, I should have sent him a hand-tooled, highly illuminated copy of Münchhausen.

I might have admitted that, by relieving eye-strain and defects of vision, it is possible to relieve migraine and other forms of headache, neuralgia, dizziness, and fainting spells, stammering, hysteria, and epilepsy, nervous exhaustion, despondency, asthma, heart irregularities, insomnia, spinal curvature from head-tilting, nausea and dyspepsia, rheumatism and pelvic pains, backwardness in school children, and perhaps even subnormality or insanity, as Dr. George M. Gould and other eminent observers have been telling us for many years.

But when one claims not only to correct all these disorders but also to cure goiter with glasses, to clear up the sugar, relieve the nervousness and thirst, and reduce to normal the quantity of fluid eliminated in diabetes; bring blood pressures of 220 or 230 millimeters down to 150 or 160 in two days of spectacle-wearing, and after a few weeks of "glassing" apparently to cure kidney degeneration—this passes belief.

Yet I have seen some of the subjects of these miracles, and have interviewed and heard from many others who have been miraculously restored to health. I have studied the records of scores of cases, and talked with physicians and pathologists who first diagnosed the conditions.

To see Doctor Z. L. Baldwin perform these feats of physical legerdemain, one must journey to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where Doctor Baldwin has a sanatorium, chiefly devoted to a new and marvelously successful method of treating tuberculosis and other germ and degenerative diseases.

Doctor Baldwin's astonishing successes in treating systemic disorders by adjusting the eye muscles seems to be founded upon excellent reason. He claims that, inasmuch as the natural position of the eye is in "distant" or parallel vision, and as civilization requires most of us to converge our line of vision to a focal point from fourteen to twenty inches from the eye, and to hold it there more or less tenaciously during the working day, the external eye muscles are brought in a condition of spasm.

This results in the muscle fibers becoming thinned and weakened, and the muscle finally being shortened. Also, the ciliary muscle, which flattens and elongates the eyeball (thereby altering the focal point of its lens), and the ciliary nerve become strained from over-fatigue.

Astonishing Effects of Eye-Strain

THIS constant and abnormal exercise of the nerves and delicate muscles results in the wastage of a tremendous amount of nervous and physical energy, which is reflected along the lines of least resistance, producing painful or dangerous disorders, sometimes in organs remote and apparently unconnected with the original source of trouble. It may even cause a disordered function to some of the glands.

Further, as the energy of more than one third of the brain is used by the visual centers, any extra strain upon the nerves and muscles of the eyes naturally causes a weakening or even an impoverishment of the brain itself.

Now, we provide a crutch for a lame leg, a sling for an injured arm, a truss or a bandage for a weakened abdominal muscle, and rest for a damaged heart. Doctor Baldwin contends that it is equally sensible to provide mechanical help which

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will relieve strain and bring rest to weakened eyes.

This the Doctor accomplishes by what he calls the "repression method," which consists in dimming the vision and relaxing the spasm of the ciliary muscles by placing convex lenses before the eyes. This cuts the vision down from one quarter to one half, and rests the entire visual apparatus. It conserves nerve and muscle activity, prevents dissipation or loss of energy, and naturally strengthens the nerve centers, relieving the reflex symptoms, and ultimately restoring normal vision.

If the short eye muscle does not stretch back to normal under the relaxing treatment, it is carefully divided. This little operation definitely prevents any recurrence of the trouble from that group of muscles.

A patient who complained of progressive exhaustion, and whose condition was diagnosed as incipient tuberculosis, on examination at the sanatorium was found to have diabetes. He had nearly three per cent. of sugar, and his blood pressure was 220—about 70 millimeters too high.

On being "fagged down" by primes, he was entirely relieved of the eye-strain, symptoms of diabetes disappeared, and, what is more wonderful, his blood pressure fell to 150, and remained there.

A Case of Goiter Cured

IN goiter the results have been even more miraculous. An attorney of Detroit, for instance, had muscular rheumatism, particularly affecting the muscles of the legs and back. In February, 1915, he was attacked by exophthalmic goiter. An unsuccessful operation left him reduced in weight, in a weakened condition, troubled with insomnia, and delirious at night. His eyes bulged, and there was great trembling of the hands. He could read only a few minutes at a time. He was "as nearly a wreck as a man could be and be alive."

In this condition he went to Doctor Baldwin, arriving at the sanatorium on Saturday. The Doctor and his nurses guessed him of rambling all over the place that night, although he had no recollection of it. The next day the Doctor gave him a treatment. On Wednesday primes were put on, and he was able to go to town on the street-car. On Thursday he went for a drive about town. On Sunday, after a week of treatment, he bought a voluminous Sunday paper and read it through. He continued to improve until he regained his full weight and strength, and his pulse and blood pressure became normal. All evidences of goiter disappeared.

Of course, these phenomenal results follow only when eye-strain causes the trouble. There are many other causes for these conditions that lenses will not help. These conditions, however, are readily determined by examination. But, in Doctor Baldwin's experience, fully 30 per cent. of all stomach disorders are cured by preventing the energy loss from eye-strain. It is interesting and gratifying to note that cases of insanity, melancholia, epilepsy, functional paralysis, and other eye-strain reflexes and disorders, successfully treated ten years ago, still remain cured.

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THE EDITOR, 93 Madison Avenue, New York.

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